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Magazine Number

# The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 737 } SIXTEENTH YEAR  
VOL. XXV }

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1896.

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# The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1896

## Thomas Hughes

WHEN JUDGE HUGHES was entertained by the University Club of New York, on one of his visits to this country, it is recorded that nearly every man who came up to be introduced to him took the opportunity of remarking that he had read "Tom Brown's School-days," and that to nearly every one the genial author made the same reply, "Oh, that is an old story." It is nearly forty years old now; yet there is no healthy boy—not to mention boys of a larger growth—who does not to this day thrill in reading it with the keen pleasure born of an absolutely true portraiture of a boy's life and thoughts. One reader, in particular, is not too far removed from boyhood to remember how the yearly devouring of it was one of the white stones which marked his visits to a country house in whose library it was to be found. If nothing else from the same pen ever quite equalled it, age cannot wither the strength and vividness and humanity of that one inimitable book. When, two years later, he followed it up with "Tom Brown at Oxford," the "Old Boy" (for neither was published under the author's name) found his readers awaiting him; and if they were conscious of a shade of disappointment as they read, they may have remembered how much they were asking in a book as good as the first.

If the Oxford book had stood by itself, we should have been more properly grateful for it. Many temporal details are untrue to present-day Oxford; gentlemen-commoners and servitors are things of the past, and bacchanalian orgies are much more marked exceptions than they were fifty years ago; yet in this book, too, is the lasting truth of nature, both human and inanimate. To-day "in Christ Church meadows and the College gardens the birds are making sweet music in the tall elms; you may almost hear the thick grass growing, and the buds on tree and shrub are changing from brown, red or purple to emerald green under your eye; the glorious old city is putting on her best looks and bursting out into laughter and song. In a few weeks the races begin, and Cowley Marsh will be alive with white tents and joyous cricketers. A quick ear, on the towing-path by the Gut, may feast at one time on those three sweet sounds, the thud-thud of the eight-oar, the crack of the rifles at the weirs, and the click of the bat on the Magdalen ground." Between these two books in point of time came his other work of fiction, "The Scouring of the White Horse," in which the story is not much more than a pretext for embalming old Berkshire traditions and customs, but whose style, with the sense of sun and sunny enjoyment which it contrived to express, was well suited to the broad sweep of the green downs, with the white chalk peeping out here and there, on which the scene was laid.

These books won a fame for Thomas Hughes out of all proportion to the great interests of his life, and overshadowed in the popular mind his more important work. His other literary productions, biography being the only notable exception, were in line with the efforts of his nine years' Parliamentary career, which was devoted to throwing open the means of education, to the furtherance of the principles of coöperation, and to the general amelioration of the condition of the working classes. If his interest in such questions did not originate in the influence of F. D. Maurice, at least (as with Kingsley) it took characteristic shape from his views, and "muscular Christianity" won an athletic and vigorous supporter. Going up to Oriel when he did, he might well have been moulded by the power of the extraordinary group of great men which had recently made it so famous; but perhaps, if he had been at the time carried into the Tractarian movement, it would have been to go the way later of Mark Pattison and James Anthony Froude—for the spell of Arnold's

personality was as strong upon him as it was upon Stanley. "Tom Brown" bears witness to that in both cases; and Maurice only established what Arnold had begun.

Allusion was made last week to Judge Hughes's love for this country, which found expression in various ways. It is unfortunate that we cannot record the success of the venture which his "Board of Aid to Land-Ownership" undertook in Tennessee. Possibly too much was attempted; he not only stipulated that "a high Christian character" should mark the enterprise, but, as he said in his address at the opening of the colony, his aim and hope were "to plant on these highlands a community of gentlemen and ladies; not that artificial class which goes by these grand names both in Europe and here, the joint product of feudalism and wealth, but a society in which the humblest members, who live—as we hope most, if not all, of them will to some extent—by the labor of their own hands, will be of such strain and culture that they shall be able to meet princes in the gate without embarrassment and without self-assertion, should any such strange personages ever present themselves before the gate-tower of Rugby in the new world." From a literary standpoint, more of interest attaches to his connection with Lowell, on some of whose writings, we may recall, he contributed an essay to these columns in March, 1886. Long before that time he had acted as sponsor before the English public to the modest Harvard Professor who had just put out the second series of "The Biglow Papers"—of which, indeed, he boasted that he had bought the first copy sold in the British Empire; and so lately as 1891, he wrote an introduction to an English edition of Lowell's poetical works.

From the whole English-speaking world of letters, and from the social life of his native land, a strong, manly and generous personality has been removed; and there must have been many at the Oxford-Cambridge boat-race, last Saturday, to grieve that (for the first time in many years) "Tom Brown" was not there to witness one more triumph of his beloved University.

## Literature

### Child-study and Lore

1. *Studies of Childhood.* By James Sully. D. Appleton & Co. 2. *The Child and Childhood in Folk-thought.* By Alexander F. Chamberlain. Macmillan & Co.

CHILD-STUDY is taking the psychologists by storm, and we cannot help thinking that it is turning some of them away from mind-study, their only legitimate concern. In other words, we find it often becoming rather worship than study. Thus, with regard to the two books before us, if Prof. Sully inclines to a worship of the child itself, Dr. Chamberlain shows a worshipper's reverence for the word "child" and its equivalents in other languages. What Mr. Balfour has recently said of all science, namely, that it rests on a faith essentially like the faith of religion, is conspicuously true of this worshipful child-study, and to Mr. Balfour's assertion we would add that, as in religion, so in science, the response to worship, the final justification of it, is usually, if not always, along a different line from that expected or solicited. Science answers her devotees' prayers in her own time and her own way, and this means here that in our opinion the value of child-study is less likely to consist in the coveted new psychological wisdom than in something else—say, the stimulus that is given to the application of psychological doctrine in methods of education. The child, simply because a child, is no specially fruitful object of investigation.

Prof. Sully, early in his book (1), quite unwittingly illustrates our meaning when he accuses Prof. Mark Baldwin of

overlooking, in his "Mental Development in the Child and the Race," the difficulties in the study of the child:—"In [Prof. Baldwin's] optimistic presentment of the subject," he says (p. 12, note), "there is not the slightest reference to the difficult work of interpretation. Child-study is talked of as a perfectly simple mode of observation, requiring at most to be supplemented by a little experiment and, it may be added, backed by a firm theory." From our standpoint this is praise, and it has afforded us a basis at once of understanding and of criticising Prof. Sully's "Studies." Throughout his work on the child, Prof. Baldwin is studying the mind; but Prof. Sully hides the mind, at least in part, behind a veil of sentiment, which results, we think, from the same mental state that makes appreciation of the difficulties in child-study seem to him a desirable conceit, and has made his chapters rather essays than genuine studies. To the sense of the difficulties, avowed in the introduction, and the corresponding veil of sentiment apparent in the chapters that follow, we attribute Prof. Sully's disposition to ascribe to the child a positive imagination before it has fully mediated the appropriate impulses and so obtained a content for its consciousness; a real fear before it has lived through such shocks to its system as reveal what fear, as an emotion, is; and a natural lawlessness before it has learned what disobedience brings.

When we read:—"Imagination interposes a colored medium, so to speak, between the eye and the object, so that it becomes transformed and beautified," we see the author supplying experience for the child, and can be only glad that he has added that "in what is commonly called playing, imaginative activity receives valuable aid from the senses." Again, when we read of the child's reverence for law, we find in what is said the explanation also of all the lawlessness and "cussedness"—this latter a word found too often in the book—which the author rather reads into the child's character than shows to be an original trait. A child's "lawlessness" often has no other basis than the lying in the following story:—A little girl, who had received permission to go half a block away to play with another child, but had been told to come back on hearing her father whistle, was summoned before she had reached the land of promise, and turned about, exclaiming, "I didn't hear you, papa." Now, the father, who broke his promise, not the little girl, told that lie. Prof. Sully's chapter, "Under Law," however, unless we have wholly misunderstood him, would give the lie to the child. Again, when he tells us of two "misses" out for their "correct" morning walk, and reports how one reproved the other for calling attention to one of the trees by pointing:—"Oh, Maud, you know you *shouldn't* point," and then suggests that the "notion of perpetrating a rudeness on the chestnut-tree was funny enough," we find such interpretation still funnier. Assuredly, only the act of pointing, without regard to the object indicated, was the offense.

But with all that we have said so far by way of unfavorable criticism, we are of the opinion that every parent should read this book. The special standpoint aside, it is delightful reading. It teems with good stories of childhood. It makes childhood international, what with the many anecdotes from foreign homes, and it shows a sympathy with children that is far deeper than its theory. Its study of "The Little Linguist" has special value, and the few words about "The Wise Law-giver," read between the lines, are a powerful sermon. As for the chapter on "The Young Draughtsman," the profuse illustrations alone are full of interest and psychological suggestion, and the author's treatment seems excellent. The closing chapters, "Extracts from a Father's Diary" and "George Sand's Childhood," are neither of them important to the book, but have value in themselves, particularly the latter. A short bibliography is appended.

Dr. Chamberlain's book (2) is an extensive compilation. He has collected far and near, and presented in a fairly organic way the love of fatherhood and motherhood and childhood. He has hunted the word "child" and its related

words down to the last degree, and as a result has brought together considerable material, of more or less interest to philology and anthropology as well as to child-study. His purpose has been to "indicate some of the chief child-activities among primitive peoples, and to point out in some respects their survivals in the social institutions and culture-movements of to-day." "The point of view," says the author in his prefatory note, "to be kept in mind is the child and what he has done, or is said to have done, in all ages and among all races of men," and this point of view has been held in mind faithfully, to the injury of the work, or, at least, to the making of it into little more than a museum. One can only admire the author's industry and hope that his collected material will prove helpful to the cause.

Some of the numerous chapters are exceedingly entertaining. Among them may be mentioned those on "The Child's Tribute to the Mother," "Childhood the Golden Age," "Children's Souls," "The Child as Teacher and Wise-acre," "The Child as Weather-maker," "The Child as Healer and Physician" and "The Child as God: The Christ child." Each chapter is opened with a list of quotations, often as many as six or eight, and President G. Stanley Hall, "the *genius* of the movement for child-study in America," figures frequently in these quoted passages. Indeed, one finds Dr. Hall's influence, in method and attitude, on every page. Of special interest are the references, too few in number, to the survivals of child-activities in the present time, as in the cases of the revels of "Hallow E'en," "May Day" and "Easter," of the "yells" of colleges, of society-initiations, of "junior" religious societies and secret languages, and of all forms of "hazing." Chapters XXVII.-XXXII. are given wholly to lists of proverbs bearing directly and indirectly on childhood and its relations to the family and to society. In his "Conclusion" (Ch. XXXIII.), Dr. Chamberlain says:—

"The primitive child, as language and folk-lore demonstrate, has been weighed, measured and tested physically and mentally by his elders, much as we are doing now, but in ruder fashion—there are primitive anthropometric and psychological laboratories, as proverb and folk-speech abundantly testify, and examinations as harassing and as searching as any we know of to-day. Schools, nay, primitive colleges, even, of the prophets, the Shamans and the *magi*, the race has had in earlier days, and everywhere through the world the activities of childhood have been appealed to, and the race has wonderfully profited by its wisdom, its *naïveté*, its ingenuity, and its touch of divinity \* \* \* With the savage as with the European of to-day the child is father of the man."

This conclusion seems to us to indicate both the merit and the shortcoming of the book. The conclusion is, on the whole, rather commonplace, and in some way suggests that the motive of the book was that of too many present-day works—namely, the mere possession of an unworked field, rather than anything more positively scientific. Still, after saying this, we cannot forget, not only that collections have value in the abstract, but also that Dr. Chamberlain's book at this time will be attractive to a large number of readers who with him are committed to a worship of the child, and that we ourselves have been interested. Finally, like Prof. Sully, Dr. Chamberlain closes with a bibliography, but gives to it thirty pages instead of less than three, nearly 550 books being entered. Three complete indexes, of authorities, places, peoples, tribes, languages, etc., and subjects are supplied. In these respects few works are so complete.

#### "Sun Rise Stories"

*A Glance at the Literature of Japan.* By Roger Riordan and Toso Takayanagi. Charles Scribner's Sons.

LITERATURE is the photograph of mind. What the photograph will be depends upon many elements—the light itself, the media of transmission and the quality of the subjects. The mind of the Japanese, coming to slow evolution in the process of the centuries, is so distinct an entity and so positive a force, that even the average man in Europe and America is beginning to appreciate it. In the Japanese



archipelago, even more than a millennium ago, the minds of the islanders had become sensitive to impressions from nature. Long before, education had ceased to be the privilege of the immediate circle of the Imperial court, and thought had been committed to writing. The Japanese were thus the very first among the Altaic peoples to make literature, in the actual sense of the word. Yet, long before the spread of the written symbols of thought, poetry and song and ritual had found local expression. In a word, mind was before matter, and the spirit before the body. When, however, letters appeared, the long and splendid story of Japanese literature began. We use the word "splendid" advisedly. Under the *Ama no Gawa*, the River of Heaven (which we call the Milky Way), there ran concurrently the stream of man's imagination, expressed in starry thoughts, fixed by prosaic ink and paper.

We do not entirely agree with the authors of this charming hand-book, when they say that "what is best in the literature of Japan, does not bear translation." In time, we venture to predict, the translator fully equipped for that task will make his appearance, but as yet even the very best of the alien scholars who have sought to master the secret of Japanese thought and expression are the very last to feel slighted by the criticism that they are not yet equipped to reproduce with power and justice the inmost reality of Japanese thought; and the very best masters of any European language among the native Japanese need not feel hurt (indeed, we know that they do not) when told that they cannot yet reproduce in an alien tongue the daintiness, the delicacy, or even the depth and strength of their nation's best thought. At least a century of hard work by both native and foreigner will, we think, be necessary rightly to express and judiciously to appraise Japanese literature. Unless we mistake totally, its mines hold fresh surprises. Nevertheless, let us be very grateful to the collaborators who have given us this delightful version of Japan's literary story during a thousand years. We do not find here the marks of profound knowledge or strenuous search into the roots of the subject, but rather, what is next best, clear insight, commendable industry and most hearty appreciation. For the first time the attempt has been made to reproduce in English the literary pictures in their historic setting; and this is really the chief value of the book.

As is appropriate, we enter the rich field through the door of mythology, just as the sun-goddess herself stepped out of the cave of darkness into the presence of music, song, laughter, comedy, society and the arts of civilization. Japan thus came into consciousness of herself before ink and paper arrived from China. Then follows a literary sketch of Buddhism, its tremendous influence upon the national mind being made evident by the authors with, what seems to us, very felicitous grace. Nara and Kioto were the two *foci* of light in ancient Japan, just as Kamakura and Kioto were in mediæval, and Yedo and Kioto in modern, times. Only when the nation was consolidated after the divisiveness of feudalism could there be a single national centre, Tokio. Eight centuries ago, the "new woman" won her way in Yamato, as ancient Nippon was called. Not only did she write poetry and romance, developing her own beautiful and musical language even more than the men—who mistook pedantry for literature,—but she even compelled the scholar who made "The Voyage Home From Tosa" to write in her script, style and vernacular, in order to gain popularity and permanency. Japan's fatal fault and weakness for centuries has been the mistaking of erudition for genius and of pedantry for literature, and such criticism as the authors offer in their preface (heartless as it must seem to some native Japanese), finds its justification in this fact. "What is best" in Japanese literary achievements has come forth as a protest against what may be called age long literary hypocrisy and debilitation. In general, the best poets and litterateurs of the male sex were priests, who, in spite of crushing mountains of

Sanskrit and Chinese learning, struggled and emerged into freedom of expression in prose and verse.

In the dark ages which fell upon Japan from the thirteenth to the opening of the seventeenth century, when the military classes ruled the country, and Buddhism entered upon its surprising missionary and doctrinal developments, literature retired into a dark cave. Hence, our authors must of necessity insert two chapters of political history, in order to maintain the continuity of their narrative. Then follow what are termed "The Piping Times of the Tokugawas," and the sketch is most admirably and brilliantly drawn. Then, the hideousness of low morals, the destruction of a large part of the population at birth, the awful famines and horrible grinding of millions of the poor, were and are concealed from the average reader about Japan by the brilliancy of her art and literature. Handsomely do the authors set forth the drama. They retell the never too old story of "The Forty-seven Free Lances"—Japan's truest epic, in which her history, ideals and religions crystallize, and which in reality marks the turning-point between Old and New Japan. "The Adventures of a Vagabond Priest" is a chapter distilled and crystallized from the late Mr. Edward Greey's "A Captive of Love," and the conclusion consists of a pleasant series of reminiscences by the Japanese collaborator.

Thankfully we welcome this sympathetic and valuable interpretation of Japanese literary history. It is remarkably accurate, and the authors are deserving of very high praise. Yet this, most sincerely said, makes the lack of an index all the more inexcusable. For a handbook, to have value to the treasures which it professes (and in this case amply possesses), ought to have a key to its contents. It would only be fair, also, to the American reader, as well as to the illustrious Englishman (and now British Envoy Plenipotentiary in Tokio) who was the pioneer in the critical study of the Japanese language and literature, to call attention to the fact that Mr. Ernest Satow's "Outline of Japanese Literature" in Appletons' Cyclopædia, was not only the first real one ever made, but is still, in some respects, the very best. We notice that the name of the all too modest author of "A Muramasa Blade" is spelled wrong in the introduction—Wertheimder, instead of Wertheimer.

#### "Pagan Ireland"

*A Handbook of Irish Pre-Christian Antiquities.* By W. G. Wood-Martin. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY TITLE of this book may prove slightly misleading, but let us hope not. It is a handbook and something far more valuable—a complete, exhaustive, thoroughly scientific and delightfully written pre-history of the Emerald Isle. It ranks with the best archaeological books that have so far been written, and excels a vast number of works that give endless unnecessary details and leave to the reader's imagination what should have been recorded. This glaring fault is not found in Mr. Wood-Martin's book. The reader is told just what it is desirable to tell him, and the means of more detailed information are pointed out to him by a supplementing bibliography, which is much more satisfactory than the eye-distracting footnotes that often are knee-deep at the foot of every page of scientific works. We have a right to expect much of the author, for he has been led to say:—"Practical experience in actual exploration is necessary to form a good archaeologist; no amount of head knowledge can make up for deficiency of spade knowledge," and we have, in these 600 pages, "spade" knowledge with the logical inferences to be drawn therefrom, and no tiresome disquisitions born of that archaeological "head knowledge" to which those interested in American archaeology are so frequently treated.

Mr. Wood-Martin finds abundant evidences of palæolithic man in Ireland, and of the neolithic man who succeeded him and was in turn followed by the user of metals. "The flint arrow and spear heads," the author remarks, "and the stone

implements, found in such vast quantities throughout Ireland, are almost identical with those, wherever traces of primitive man are discovered," a fact that is of no less value because it has been so frequently stated. Certainly, there is little difference between the objects described in this volume and the stone implements of the vicinity of New York; and the conditions of the occurrence of the palæolithic implements in Ireland are the same as those of their occurrence in the Delaware valley. Ireland, in the archaeologist's estimation, has the advantage over this country, in that its primitive folk builded houses and tombs of rock that have remained, while our Indians used perishable materials. This fact enables our author to treat of architecture, sepulchres, pillar-stones, stone chairs and many a feature that was not known here. Varied as are the subjects touched upon in this volume, not one is slurred over. The work is remarkably uniform, and always entertaining and instructive, with "spade knowledge" everywhere to the front and baseless theory forever in the background. The author's conclusions, summarized in the last chapter, are unassailable.

#### "Bayard Taylor"

By Albert H. Smyth. *American Men of Letters Series.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

PROF. SMYTH begins his biography of Bayard Taylor with a chapter on the literary history of Pennsylvania, this being the first volume in the Series dealing with a writer from the Middle States. It seems that Philadelphia was called the "American Athens" long before Boston was so designated. While it was the federal capital, it was "the centre of the nation's literary life." The best library in the country in colonial times was that of James Logan, a Philadelphia man; and the first circulating library in the colonies was established there. In poetry, as in politics, the Quaker State led the country. Nearly all the early American editions of the classics and of the great English authors were published in Philadelphia, but about 1820 the literary prestige of the city began to wane. Our author ascribes this largely to "the conservatism that was fostered by the Quaker temper, and by the spirit that was alien to art." New York was more "responsive to the new forces and influences in literature," while Philadelphia clung to the old traditions. No doubt, this partially explains the decadence of the earlier Athens, but there were other causes at work in the literary development of New York and New England. Poets and historians are liable to spring up in localities that have been comparatively barren of such growths, while the crop may fall off in the old fields. The nature of the soil has more or less to do with it, but fertilizing influences are also potent and not always easily traced. Probably the more rapid growth of the northern universities and colleges was one of these influences. The subject is an interesting one, but it is only incidental to our present purpose, being only incidental to the book.

In Bayard Taylor the Quaker stock was modified by a Teutonic strain. He was German as well as English by his ancestry, the former element coming from both father and mother. Bayard's grandfather married the daughter of a Swiss Mennonite, and his maternal grandmother was of South German or East Switzerland origin. To this mingling of Teutonic blood his keen interest in the literature of the race was doubtless due, as he himself sometimes intimated. Even in his childhood and boyhood his bent to both travel and poetry was distinctly indicated. He was remarkable for his roving disposition, going as far afield as he could in search of terrapins, frogs, birds' eggs, and flowers. At fourteen he had started a mineral collection and a herbarium. His favorite reading was in books of travel, adventure, and poetry. At seven he wrote verses and made copies of selections from Scott and Campbell. Later he took to drawing and painting, illustrating his verse-book in colors, and making pictures of "Byron's Dream" and other

poetic visions. Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who lectured on phrenology before he became known as an author, after looking at Bayard's head when the boy was fourteen (1839), said to his father:—"You will never make a farmer of him to any great extent; you will never keep him at home; that boy will ramble around the world, and, furthermore, he has all the marks of a poet." It was a shrewd prophecy, whether phrenological science is to have the credit of it or not, and this biography tells how completely it was fulfilled.

Taylor's first appearance in print as a poet was in the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia, when he was sixteen. It was sent to the paper anonymously, and the editor complimented it thus:—"It shows the hand of youth, but evinces a flattering promise." It was as a poet that Taylor was always most ambitious to be recognized. He was never more delighted than when in Iceland he was called "the American skald." He cared little for his fame as a traveller and a journalist, or for the reputation he gained in lecturing or in scholarship. This passion for poetic renown was, as his biographer tells us, "the inspiration and the disappointment of his life." He himself regarded "Lars" as his highest achievement in verse. His chief defect, as our author well says, "was a lack of spontaneity: his poetry is all intended; it is carefully built up by the intellect." The reader is "surprised by no sudden glories of the imagination." We may add that it is only another illustration of the old saw, "Poeta nascitur, non fit." Taylor, with but a moderate endowment of the divine afflatus, did his best to make himself a poet; but if his memory endures, it will be for his work in other literary fields. He was a "self-made man," working his way with uncommon patience and persistence from a boyhood of poverty to an honored position as an author, scholar, and diplomatist. The successive stages of this brave upward struggle are admirably told in this compact volume, which is a creditable contribution to a valuable series of biographies. (See portrait on page 240.)

#### "Ironclads in Action"

*A Sketch of Naval Warfare from 1855 to 1895. With some Account of the Development of the Battleship in England.* By H. W. Wilson. With an Introduction by Capt. A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. 2 vols. Little, Brown & Co.

WE DO NOT know of any book bearing a more infelicitous, or delusive, title. Mr. Wilson has undertaken to write the naval history of the period from the Crimean War to the late war between Japan and China, both inclusive. Why designate such a history as ships in action—or, rather, as one particular type of ship in action? The late Col. Thomas W. Knox made a similar contribution to military history, under the very suggestive title of "Decisive Battles since Waterloo," a title which clearly and correctly gave the key-note of his theme. The title of this work is a misnomer; moreover, the book is interspersed with illustrations having no conceivable relevancy to the text. For instance, in the midst of the account of the action between the Monitor and the Merrimac, fought in 1862, we find a picture of the English battle-ship Nile, built in 1886.

Again, the author is at times somewhat too technical for the general reader, and altogether too careless, not to say inaccurate, for the student of naval history. In the discussion of the battle of Lissa it is stated that the Italians took no steps to "mask" the Austrian fleet (Vol. I., p. 220). On page 248 we are told that the Austrian fleet should have been "crushed or masked." Hence, "to mask," as here used, is the homonym of "to crush," or its alternate. To crush an opponent is to put him *hors de combat*; but just how, in a military or a naval sense, an enemy's fleet is to be "masked," we are left to conjecture. In Vol. II., page 153, we are told that, in the tactical formation called the "line of breast," the broadside fire of the ships is "masked." On page 154 it is said that "the broadside fire of all the ships in it—the line—except one," is "masked"; and on



page 158, that "ships will mask one another's fire." Hence, "to mask" is to screen. The Austrian fleet, therefore, should have been screened! On page 230, the author, in speaking of Tegetthoff (not Tegetthof, as in the text), says: "That he might not be taken off his guard, he sailed in fighting order." This was "in two bow and quarter lines," "having the intention to break the Italian line," and "in the classic fashion to concentrate upon the weaker section of it."

This is all twaddle, and inexcusable in an Englishman, who, in treating of naval warfare, should have been familiar with Nelson's celebrated General Order of 18 Oct. 1805. In it the fleet is informed that "the order of sailing is to be the order of battle," and that "the impression of the whole British fleet must be made, with the intention of overpowering" the opposed fleet on a "portion of the enemy's line." Tegetthoff's divisions were formed in double echelon, or two lines of bearing, as the French term it ("deux lignes de relèvement"), his order of steaming being his order of battle, and his tactics Nelsonian, not "classical." After the battle the Austrian fleet steamed into the harbor of San Giorgio—not to Pola, as stated in the text. Mr. Wilson differs from all naval tacticians with whose writings we are acquainted, in his definition of the indented line, as given on map XXIX., facing page 156 of Vol. II. Figures 3 and 5, given as indented formations, are generally termed echelons, or "lines of bearing." Ships do not *lie* in the line of battle, as stated on pages 138, 141 and 143. We do not wish to appear hypercritical, but it is only reasonable to ask that, in discussing questions relating to the art of war, the proper terms of the art shall be used.

Throwing out blemishes of the character indicated, due mostly to carelessness, or haste in preparation, the book is well worth reading. Fully one quarter of it is taken up with an account of the naval operations of our Civil War. The author's descriptions of the various battles are clear, in the main correct, and thoroughly impartial. He accords credit for skill and gallantry to the Blue and the Gray alike. Indeed, our Navy owes him a debt of gratitude for bringing out, in a strong light, its share in the suppression of the Rebellion. But here, again, the author, to use his own favorite expression, fails to "score." In treating of the Trent affair, he misses the gist of the whole question. The Crown lawyers of England found in favor of the American contention, maintained since 1812. Mr. Seward, in his letter to Lord Lyons, 26 Dec. 1861, expressed his satisfaction that "by the adjustment of the present case upon principles confessedly American \* \* \* a question is finally and rightly settled between them, which heretofore, exhausting not only all forms of peaceful discussion, but also the arbitrament of war itself [the war of 1812] for more than half a century, alienated the two countries from each other." And yet the author says (Vol. I., p. 202) that "time has condemned Seward."

The book contains a great deal of valuable information concerning naval matters in general; the maps are good, and the account of the Chino-Japanese war is clear and graphic. The chapter on "Ironclad Catastrophes," including the loss of the Victoria, is particularly interesting. On the whole, in spite of the blemishes pointed out, we commend the work to the reading public of America. Every library should possess a copy.

#### "Wild England of To-day"

*And the Wild Life in It.* By C. J. Cornish. Illustrated. Macmillan & Co.

THAT THERE IS a "wild England," and much of it within a short distance of London, will be news to many who have sojourned in the tight little island and seen nothing wilder than turnips and preserved game. But people always find what they look for, and Mr. Cornish has sought and found plenty of wild bird-life among and about the sea cliffs of the Isle of Wight. His "Wild England of To-day," however, is, much of it, not really wild. The swans at Abbotsbury are, to all intents and purposes, tame birds, as are the herons in Richmond Park. His "Pine and

Heather Country" in Hampshire is, like our New Jersey pine-lands, all cut up into building lots. And farmed rabbits and trout and fenced deer are hardly, in the full sense of the term, wild animals. Still, if we were to reckon every fish, bird and beast not yet under the control of man, a long catalogue might be made; and the determined naturalist and the sportsman without a permit are not yet reduced to hunting microbes.

Mr. Cornish has been able to make some curious observations on the manners and customs of ravens and of peregrine falcons, to study the conduct of several kinds of sea-fowl in the great storms of last winter, to shoot wild duck in what remains of the great Yorkshire fen, to discover the pewee's home on the Downs, and to see the rare salmon caught with the seine at Christchurch. Poets may still listen to the nightingale and the cuckoo, though they should not confound the latter with the American cuckoo, which is "an honest bird," while his English namesake is "without one redeeming point, \* \* \* a disreputable parasite." The great parks and forests around the larger country houses, of course, do much to preserve wild life, but the new generation cares little about any country interest, the modern man, when he tears himself away from business, devoting himself to golf or globe-trotting, or, if he has not the requisite energy for these occupations, to reading *The Times*, or pottering about a vineyard. If he rides, it is probably the safety bicycle. Mr. Cornish comforts himself with the thought that all is not lost yet, and that a reaction is possible. But the tendency to despise country pleasures and to exterminate everything that is not directly useful to man is by no means confined to young England. It is well-nigh universal among civilized peoples; "sport" itself, and "collecting," are but forms of it, and it will take many books like Mr. Cornish's to make any impression upon an instinct which has come down to us from our barbarian ancestors and has only recently lost the warrant of necessity. This handsomely printed volume is illustrated with many full-page half-tone engravings, some from paintings, others, more satisfactory, directly copied from photographs from nature.

#### Verlaine in English

*Poems.* By Paul Verlaine. Trans. by Gertrude Hall. Pictured by H. McCarter. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

LUCKILY, we are not called upon to consider Paul Verlaine as a pathological case. He appears to have verified the wisdom of the ages by going in person through much of the experience by which it was gained, and science informs us that no one takes that ultra-scientific course who is not more or less diseased. But his disease has been cured by death, and his poetry remains. Much of it is of a peculiar beauty, faint odors of the eighteenth century mingling with fresh scents from actual fields and gardens; and, like a chance combination of rare elements, it is difficult to characterize, or to say in what its charm consists. We speak only of his best work: his worst we have not had time to read. This appears to have been the case with Miss Hall also, whose small volume of translations contains nothing of the "sad, bad" kind, but much musical psalmody, which reads like a faint echo of the Hebrew, and many sentimental subtleties which are not expected to do more than touch the understanding. It seems almost as hopeless a task to translate these latter poems as it would be to lift a jelly-fish from the water without destroying its delicate, shifting hues.

Miss Hall may be praised for having nearly accomplished the impossible in her versions of "Sur l'Herbe," "En Sourdine," "Le Rossignol" and "Colloque Sentimental." There are lines and passages in others of her translations that remotely suggest the peculiar quality of her original. Such are the first and the fourth stanzas of "Give Ear Unto the Gentle Lay," the "Prologues" to "Jadis et Naguère," and the "Epilogue." But there are many halting lines which occasionally do not make sense, and there are a few unlucky lapses into literalness, as "Powdered and rouged as in the sheepcotes' day." Few readers of English can find any poetic charm in "curtain-flowers," whether printed on chintz or woven in verse. The poem beginning "What sayst thou, traveller, of all thou saw'st afar?" is exceedingly rough reading, and that beginning "Hope shines—as in a stable a wisp of straw" is, to the present writer, at least, utterly incomprehensible. But, considering the extreme difficulty of the task, it has, on the whole, been well performed, and the translation may give English readers some hint of the original. The illustrations, by Henry McCarter, printed on Japan-paper, are much in the spirit of the poems, refined in drawing and in tone, and somewhat fully simple. The book is beautifully got up.

### "The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty"

By Elizabeth Phipps Train. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THIS LITTLE BOOK purports to be a veracious account of herself by one of "the victims of the modern Moloch, Society." We cannot say that it is pleasant reading. There is a constant suggestion of frivolous heartlessness, which would satisfy Miss Marie Corelli herself in one of her moods of invective. Nor is our patriotism particularly flattered by the picture of an American girl, who is frank enough to write herself down a *parvenue*, crossing what of course she calls "the big pond" to edge her way by adroit dissimulation into London society—even though she escapes many brilliant matches there to find happiness at the last in the arms of "a plain American lawyer," who, we must admit, allows himself to be exceedingly plain in his comments on her conduct at the time of his first visit to London. It is difficult, in appraising the value of the author's work, to decide how far she is directly responsible for the defects of the narrative. Since it is written throughout in the first person, she may plead that they are inherent in the personality which she has attempted to depict, and may account for a certain vulgarity which pervades the book, partly in this way and partly by the manners of the society she describes, which certainly differs in many ways from what used to be considered good society. If this plea is made, all we can say is that we dislike the style, even if we cannot blame the author. It is (apart from more fundamental matters) of the kind which calls an arm-chair a *fauteuil*, a clock a *pendule*, and a married man a "Benedict." The profusion of French phrases (they adorn many pages to the number of three and four, and the pages are small) is one of its most marked characteristics.

The subject of hypnotism is one whose undeveloped possibilities offer still a considerable field for future writers of fiction; but there is a painful lack of novelty about its employment by Mr. Tresham (a "henchman," by the way, of the Duke of Beudesleigh), to cause the heroine to abstract valuable jewels from the trunk of another country-house guest, and so to bear the suspicion while he pockets the jewels. In order to be thoroughly *fin de siècle*—the French habit is contagious,—she finally falls in love, as far as she permits herself, with a married man, a *blond aux yeux bruns*, of marvellous fascination, and the consequent *esclandre* nearly robs her of her plain American lawyer. But all ends happily. "I realize," she declares, "despite the pleasure I have derived from it, what a hollow sham the existence of a society woman is. To become Paul's wife I gladly abdicate my social sovereignty." If the book should fall into the hands of any similar young woman contemplating a similar career, and should persuade her to "become Paul's wife" at the outset, it will not have been written in vain.

### Poetry and Verse

A SORT OF Yankee poet's calendar, in which Washington's Birthday, Thanksgiving and Bunker Hill are fitly remembered, and we have poetical weather forecasts for August and October, overflowing with knowledge of nature as a honeycomb with honey, and full, also, of a certain homely sort of music like the strains of a corn-stalk fiddle, Mr. Theron Brown's "Life Songs" is as characteristic of New England as Mrs. Townsend's poems are of Louisiana. In them we can trace the poetical proclivities of the past half-century, not without pleasure. They relate Persian parables, Chinese fables and Russian tales, paraphrase Ezekiel's visions, or boldly imitate the Homeric Battle of Frogs and Mice in "The Battle of Windham Frogs"; and pass from dark sayings of nothingness and the "deep remembered Then," to follow the doings of the house cricket and those, perhaps about as important, of the Chicago Board of Trade. (Lee & Shepard.)—PERHAPS IT may be fit work for a poet to write of the "perfect-reeded throat" of the redbird, and of his mate's whistle "that her lord outsmote," but we think it would be fitter work for him to make himself easily comprehensible. One may forgive obscurity in a Browning or a Shakespeare, but a singer of but ordinary powers can at most only hope that we may forget it. The hope is fulfilled in Mr. L. B. Hamberlin's case, when we turn to his poems in dialect. These, though the dialect is new to us, we find we can understand and take pleasure in. We know what is meant when the town is described as being "two rows ahead of the country," and the winter, that tiresome visitor, as never wanting to "git beyan the gate." But with the flirtations of the south wind with the sea and the Sahara we can feel no concern, and no pity for Mr. Hamberlin thrall'd and then killed (entirely?) by Carmencita dancing the saraband. A Gypsy girl

that sings of her "easy shoes" suggests to our prosaic soul that possibly she may be troubled by corns. Too many of Mr. Hamberlin's "Verses" are of this quality. His rustic Muse is more at home among Texan farmers than among Gypsies and passion-fraught winds. (Austin, Tex.: Corner & Fontaine.)

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A NEW ISSUE of the scholarly Athenæum Press Series is "Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick," edited by Prof. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., of the Iowa State University. The introduction includes a life of Herrick, with critical comments on his chief works, their chronology, versification and vocabulary, the characteristics of his poetry, and a bibliography. The selections fill about 150 pages, and are made with commendable taste and judgment. The notes, glossary and index occupy some fifty additional pages. The work throughout is a model of good editing. (Ginn & Co.)—"CHOICE ENGLISH LYRICS," selected and arranged by Mr. James Baldwin, contains about 200 poems, grouped under the heads of Songs of Nature, Songs of Battle, Bravery and Patriotism, Ballads, Lyrics of Love, Sonnets, Lyrics of Life, Religious Songs, and Miscellaneous. Critical, explanatory and biographical notes are appended, with indexes of first lines and of authors. The work is generally well done, but we note occasional lack of care in verifying the text of the poems. In "The Burial of Sir John Moore," for instance, we find the familiar corruption:—

"And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing."

Another incorrect form is this:—

"And we knew by the distant random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing."

Wolfe's manuscript reads thus:—

"And we heard the distant and random gun  
Of the enemy suddenly firing."

*Sullenly*, which was probably a misprint at first, is nonsensical, but it is found in nine out of ten of the anthologies. (Silver, Burdett & Co.)

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"THE SONG OF Roland," retold by Arthur Way and Frederick Spencer, gives, in a small, blue paper-covered pamphlet, a summary of the famous lay of Roncevaux, with metrical renderings of some of the most important passages. The authors have succeeded in presenting a good summary of the action of the poem and some notion of its style, and their work will doubtless be acceptable to many readers, even among those who are acquainted with the original. (Macmillan & Co.)—"HUMAN BROTHERHOOD," an ode in four acts and a brown paper cover, hails, in good set verse and a more rational manner than is usual, the happy time when the "multi-millionaire" shall lie down with the tramp and the sword shall be changed to a reaping-machine. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—"WE WOULD NOT laugh at Mr. Louis M. Elshemus's "Songs of Spring and Blossoms of Unrequited Love"—his case is too serious, and the young woman who is to blame for it should really take pity on him before it is too late. (Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co.)—"IN CAMPHOR" is a collection of jingles without author's name, ornamented with pretty pen-and-ink drawings by Howard Chandler Christy, and bound in white and gold. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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"BESIDE THE NARRAGUAGUS" is the title of a pretty little book of poems in which familiar phrases do their accustomed duty and prove that the author, Arthur John Lockhart, has more than a slight acquaintance with woods and waters, with Herrick and Emerson, Burns and the Bible. Mr. Lockhart is not above taking pains with his verse, and has, apparently, no thought of being cheaply original, for which, in these days, he merits commendation. The most pleasing of his poems, at least to us, are the "Home Songs," of Nova Scotia and Mount Desert. The edition is limited to 600 copies. (Buffalo, N. Y.: Peter Paul Book Co.)—"WHERE FORESTS DIM enclose a spacious glade," Mr. Tudor Williams places a vast oak entwined with sacred mistletoe, and not remote an altar huge of stone, where reverend Druids work their mystic rites, and where is offered up "The Druid Sacrifice," which furnishes the theme of Mr. Williams's leading poem and the title of his book. He appears to have devoted a good deal of time to that most elusive of studies, the archæology of the Britons, or Brythons, as he prefers to spell the word; but he has found pleasanter themes in "July in Vermont" and "A Dreamer's Nook." (New York: Edward O. Jenkins's



Son.)—ARTHUR J. STRINGER'S "Pauline, and Other Poems," contains much that has the form of poetry and the sweet reasonableness of every-day prose. The latter quality is sometimes lacking. Thus, without being over-partial to Keats, one cannot say that all is said about him when he is compared to a crushed wild strawberry. (London, Ont.: T. H. Warren.)

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"THE POETRY OF Pathos and Delight," selected from the works of Coventry Patmore, by Alice Meynell, will probably answer the editor's intention and gain "for the poet's whole work new readers." For, as Mr. Patmore has never been the fashion, the public has not had a chance to grow weary of him; and it would not be wonderful if, in our present dearth of song, the fame that has been delayed a quarter of a century should finally overtake him. Mr. Patmore's creed—that it is blessed to refuse than to accept—may at last find acceptance, and thus be brought to naught, in an age which regards Ibsen and Maeterlinck as great intellectual leaders. And it is undeniable that his Muse sings sweetly, and that her matter is not wholly futile. The frontispiece to the volume is a photogravure after Mr. John S. Sargent's portrait of the poet. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—NATHAN HASKELL DOLE'S "The Hawthorn Tree, and Other Poems" contains many songs which suggest that they were written to be set to music, and sonnets and other pieces not lacking in a music of their own and always expressing some light or serious mood daintily, sometimes forcibly as well. Some *vers de société* poke merriment at poverty, amateur photography, moonshine and "The Beau of the Town." (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

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"THE KING'S Last Vigil, and Other Poems," by Lady Lindsay, may be taken as showing that there is still some life left in the English romantic movement. But, if they are remarkable, it is because they are among the last of their kind. The best of her poems are little mediæval sermons in verse, charming from their simplicity and the evident good faith of the preacher; but we cannot find in them that distinct new note acclaimed by some of her English critics. Most of them are worth reading once, and they are not unworthy their place in the pretty Elzevir Series. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)—WHEN FINE, PRANCING phrases surge up into the consciousness, it is well to see to it that each carries a thought on its back. Mr. Herbert Bashford's are too often like riderless mustangs. Still, his "Sea-Drift" includes several pleasant pen-pictures of Californian landscape, and there are signs that the author may yet do something better. (Tacoma, Wash.: Commercial Printing Co.)—IT MUST BE owned that Mr. Carleton is a master of antithesis. "Rhymes of Our Planet, by Will Carleton": who has ever beaten that? There is nothing in the book itself to equal it, although humor trips up pathos, and piety and profanity elbow one another on almost every page. The more like this poor, old planet of ours, no doubt. To be a realist is to be irreverent, in-artistic and inconsistent. The book is illustrated, and the illustrations match the poems, at least in variety. (Harper & Bros.)

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IN SPITE OF faults, and, in particular, a profuse and unnecessary use of profane language, "Mordred and Hildebrand: A Book of Tragedies," by William Wilfred Campbell, author of two books of poems, "The Dread Voyage" and "Lake Lyrics," shows considerable dramatic power and skill in the development of plot. Mordred, the longer and, in many respects, the better of the two dramas, brings Malory's long and rambling narrative within the compass of five short acts, and gives it a consistency and point which it is difficult to find in the old Knight's story. Mr. Campbell makes the fate of Arthur and the Round Table to hinge on their rude worship of strength and courage as almost the only forms of virtue, and their contempt for the intellectual gifts of the misshapen Mordred, who, rebuffed by the king and his train, and guided into evil ways by the astute Vivien, brings ruin upon the Kingdom. In Malory, the fault is wholly, or almost wholly, Mordred's; he is represented as evil in soul as well as deformed in body. In Mr. Campbell's tragedy he is driven by the rude spirit of the age, first in self-defence, and then in despair, to take the course he takes. All the leading incidents of the story are cleverly made to concur in producing the ultimate impression that coarseness is weakness. The other play, "Hildebrand," is a much shorter performance, founded on the efforts of Pope Gregory to reform the clergy and attain political supremacy in Europe. (Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.)

## Fiction

MR. JOHN FOX, JR., is thoroughly satisfactory in his work. He seems to have hitched his wagon to a star, for each new story he turns out shows something of improvement. His advance to excellence has been steady, and, although his field is not altogether new in literature, he has already made it his own. The romance of the Cumberland mountains and their valleys in Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, is real and potent, as all will confess who have been within their wild and exciting influence. Mr. Fox has an artist's eye for local color, he knows his scene thoroughly, and has studied the strong and individual characteristics of the people he depicts. His work is indubitably of the soil and worthy of it, and all Americans should be proud of him. His latest book, "A Cumberland Vendetta," contains altogether the best analysis we know of the motives which move to vindictive bloodshed that race of sturdy mountaineers. The daring recklessness, which is bred in the bone of every man who is consciously exposing himself to sudden and at all times to be expected death in the service of an inherited feud, lends itself most happily to romantic treatment, and the author has not missed his opportunity. The singular beauty of the mountain maidens is the only tenet of Mr. Fox's creed to which we wish to take exception, for our personal observation, after many days of riding and lodging with these people in their own country, has failed to record a single woman to stir the pulses of an anchorite, or tempt the pen of a poet. But perhaps Mr. Fox has had more fortunate experiences. Certainly, if he has met the women he describes, he is a lucky man. At all events he has given us a rarely charming book. (Harper & Bros.)

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NO LESS a person than Mr. Samuel Pepys, sometime Secretary of the Admiralty, furnishes the style in which Frank Barrett retails the doings of his "Set of Rogues" in the days succeeding the Great Plague, and very excellently has it been reproduced. The shrewd Master Pepys himself, who was not to be deceived by his brother-in-law's venison pastry, but could confide to his cipher that it was "most palpable beef," might have been amazed at Mr. Barrett's imitation of his quaint phraseology. "A Set of Rogues" is not only a study in Restoration English, but an excellent story, revealing the plot of a band of strolling players, conspiring with a Spanish gentleman-adventurer to seize the patrimony of a missing English family. How successful they are we shall leave Mr. Barrett to tell, but we cannot fail to confess that we are altogether in love with Moll Dawson, the gay and lively maiden, whose joyousness is as infectious as the measles, and who is one of the most satisfactory and human heroines we have met in many a day. (Macmillan & Co.)

\* \* \*

THE FAINT IMITATION of worthy models must always commend itself to discriminating readers, and, even though the originals may be greater than the imitators, yet is the effort wholesome and not to be gainsaid. Which sage observation is apropos of two books that never could have been written had not Messrs. Stevenson and Blackmore their great reputations; and so good are they, that we have new reason to be glad of the work of those masters. "Sir Quixote of the Moors" is a pleasant tale in the manner of the author of "Kidnapped," stirring the blood and filiping the fancy back to the days of border warfare by the Tweed. It contains the memoirs of a French seigneur's love and daring in the Highlands, and can hold the reader to the *dénouement* by its excellent pith. Stevenson himself need not have been ashamed of it, and the author, John Buchan, can well be satisfied with the measure of success which this implies—so saturated is he with evident admiration of his master's style. (Henry Holt & Co.)—Quite a different application has our remark to Mr. T. S. Fletcher's annals of a Yorkshire yeoman's adventures, "When Charles the First was King." "Lorna Doone" is more than a mere model for this spirited book. Lorna, as all the world knows, was the daughter of a robber chief, who came to live in a yeoman's family, in time to marry the son of the house. So was Rose Lisle the daughter of a highwayman, domiciled in the home of William Dale, whose wife she became in due time. John Ridd's father was murdered by the Doones, as is Dale's by the machinations of a West Riding enemy. Nor does the resemblance end here. However, Mr. Fletcher is interesting, and is capable of strong writing on his own account. The scene of Reuben's end is fine, and the Homeric death of his father is long to be remembered. The flavor of Yorkshire is as strong and racy of the soil as was that of

Devon in Blackmore's ever popular romance, and we can commend Mr. Fletcher in the assurance that no one can read him and pronounce him for a moment dull. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"CENSION: A Sketch from Paso del Norte," by Maude Mason Austin, is a slight story which does not call for much detailed criticism. A simple love-tale with a designing villain of the approved type, who is quite properly and at just the right moment foiled by the heroine's upright brother, it will please some not exacting people. Local coloring is scattered with a bountiful hand; the characters eat *tamales* and *frijoles*, wear the *serape*, and ride on *caballitos* when ordinary people would be content with horses. Neither the plot nor the style is especially commendable. The latter is of the kind which is pleased to call a coat of white-wash "the aforementioned limy application" and the devil "His Satanic Majesty." (Harper & Bros.)—"ME AN' METHUSELAR, and Other Episodes," by Harriet Ford, is a book of short would-be-humorous stories. They are intended chiefly for the use of elocutionists, and the lay-reader, who does not feel disposed to wring out of them any brilliancy they do not intrinsically possess, has an ungrateful task in reviewing them. The first and last tales are pretty good, and some parts of "The Manœuvres of Major Musket" are very good. The rest of the volume hardly justifies its existence. The cover is artistic and the print and paper leave little to be desired. (Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co.)

A YOUNG AMERICAN girl, studying art in Paris, forms an accidental acquaintance, in the master's studio, with a Russian princess. This woman is young and beautiful, fascinating in herself and still more so because of the glamor that her aristocratic Russian birth throws around her. There arises between these two a most unusual friendship, adoring, self-abnegating, almost passionate, on the one hand; tender, loving and indulgent, on the other. Our American friend has a brother whose image alone disputes the sway that the Russian has obtained over her heart. He arrives in Paris, and brother and sister keep house together. Martha's one desire is to bring her friend and her brother together, in the belief that, as each is perfect in her eyes, they were created for each other. They refuse to have anything to do with each other, however, and Martha's loyal heart is sorely tried by this apparent failure. She has her reward in the end, but it is a long and a weary wait. This is an outline of Julia Magruder's "The Princess Sonia," but the novel itself may be called an apotheosis of woman's friendship. Sonia brings Martha into her home, shows her something of her life, lays bare a portion of her heart, but in doing so tells her that there are chapters in her history that must remain forever closed. Martha accepts this without hesitation, and, no matter what occurs, she never questions by word or look. Her two idols fail to become friends at her suggestion, their manner shows that they have met before, but Martha does not think to ask where or when. She is absolutely loyal to each, she betrays nothing, and yet yields nothing to either of her affection for the other. This girl, and the ideal friendship for which she stands, have made the story attractive to sentimental minds; but Sonia is altogether impossible. A most appealing heroine she would have made, if she had had a reason for anything she did, but she had none, and should have been confined on bread and water until she had recovered her senses. (The Century Co.)

TWO MEN, one a criminal and dying, the other his protector, take refuge in the heart of a dense woodland. The dying man is starving, and the elder, his father, traps a young woman, out for a stroll, and threatens her life if she will not swear to furnish them with food and at the same time to keep their secret until death claims the younger man. All that there is in the motive of "A Question of Faith" hinges upon the oath that this girl has taken, and upon whether she is in honor bound to keep it or not. The old man feels that his son cannot see the justice in his punishment, because he does not know that he has sinned. If this young woman will furnish him with the comforts of life until he dies, he may see what mercy is, and know that he has wronged it; his heart will not be hardened by the exercise of human justice, but softened towards God by experiencing human love; he will repent and be converted. That the girl, who is a person of no religious faith, should be able to see this point of view and sympathize with it, and that her lover, who is a conventionally religious person, should not, is not exactly convincing. The story is given up to ethical discussions along this line, discussions which lead

nowhere and have a result altogether disproportionate to their importance. The trap laid for the girl is, as she says herself, an old and rusty one, she follows a course that humanity dictates, this course leads to no serious results, and the episode should have been concluded without further consideration. The man is stupid, the girl irrational, and the story lacks the meaning that it was intended to have. It is by L. Dougall. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE AUTHOR OF "A Savage of Civilization" remains modestly anonymous. There are, however, some grounds for conjecturing that it is a woman, among them being the affectionate lingering over details of costume, and the lavish use of French words of the class represented by *négligé* and *petite*. But, for the matter of that, the French is apt to be a little odd, perhaps the choicest specimen being "Ah! ce'st tu, mon brave, embracez-moi!" As for the English, let us quote one sentence to give an idea of the style:—"Then a landeau [*sic*: just above, a "teacart" is mentioned], rolling leisurely along, conveyed Mrs. Van Benthuyzen, who bowed rather stiffly under her black lace parasol; she had heard that Violet had said that the bonnet worn by her (Mrs. Van Benthuyzen) in church the Sunday before resembled a florist's window." The book is, in fact, full of atrocities—both unintentional, in language and taste, on the part of the authoress (if we may have our guess), and essential to the plot, which is concerned with an anarchist uprising against the *nouveaux-riches* manufacturers (to be fair, the French is ours) of New Manchester, Illinois. There are the usual details—dynamite, petroleum, Thirty-third Regiment Armory, headlines from newspapers, and the rest. The best part of the book is an eight-line quotation from Macaulay, which serves as a text. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons.)

"HAS IT occurred to you that no American writer has ever written a genuine all-round love scene? They are either thin or sensual, almost invariably the former." These words Mrs. Gertrude Atherton lays on the lips of the heroine of "A Whirl Asunder," and after reading the story we feel that her criticism still holds. There is some good work in this tale of passion, but, as a whole, it fails to carry conviction to the reader; and its violent railroad-accident ending is deplorably inartistic. The author brings together a strong, manly, well-poised young Englishman, who is engaged to a homely English girl, and a capricious Californian, whose will is her law, and who has never been crossed in her wishes and whims. She falls in love with the Englishman, of course, and he with her; but loyalty survives, and the girl lacks at the last moment the courage to win him by the means which Arabella employed to win Jude. All this happens under the Californian redwoods, and more or less under the auspices of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, which we do not hold responsible, however, for this whirl asunder, and still less for the whirl together that preceded it. The weak point of Mrs. Atherton's work is dialogue: her characters have the fatal habit of expressing themselves very much in the same way, thereby weakening the effect. The story has a frontispiece by E. Frederick. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

"MISS GRACE of All Souls," by William Tirebuck, is an unusually strong, interesting story. There is very little plot, so to speak, but it is in the manner in which this little is unfolded that we are interested. The scene is laid in Wales, a very few years ago, at the time when the great strike among the coal mines was on in all its force, and with all its train of attendant miseries. Miss Grace of All Souls is the daughter of the vicar, a woman of strong, earnest character, whose sympathies with the miners are based upon a thorough comprehension, not only of the starvation and destitution to which they are reduced, but of the fact that this strike was deliberately brought about by the mine owners. The son of the owner of the mines is in love with Grace, and, of course, the solution of the miners' difficulties rests on this fact. The descriptions of the strike itself, and of the dreadful straits to which these poor creatures are reduced, together with the way in which their rough, crude natures are influenced for good or evil by it, are most interesting, and most cleverly done. Grace's influence with her lover prevails, he buys out his father, and the strike is settled at last, and on the miners' terms. She has never loved this man, however, and when he asks her to marry him she refuses, because her heart is given to another. This other proves to be one of the miners with whom she has been so intimately



thrown during the strike. He is a noble fellow and educated above his class, and rapidly rises to the position of a superintendent in the mines, but even with all this the situation is not exactly convincing, and furnishes the one false note in all the story. It seems strange to be favorably impressed with a book, and yet out of sympathy with its hero and heroine, but such is the case with "Miss Grace of All Souls." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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HELEN SHIPTON'S "The Herons" is and is not interesting—the former because of certain rather unusual complications, the solution of which is very carefully withheld until the last; and the latter because the men and women depicted here are always stupid, always just a little vulgar, and one is always a little out of patience with them. The Herons seem to be enormously proud of their ancestry and their position in the country, and yet, before we are through, we are thoroughly convinced that, whatever they may have been in the past, they certainly at present belong to Nordau's list of degenerates. The eldest son disgraces himself and is driven from home, and his father spends his time trying to induce him, for a fixed income, to renounce his inheritance—in other words, to join with his father in breaking the entail in favor of the second son, who is a tolerably decent fellow. The mother of these two young men has separated from their father—no one knows why at first. We are only treated to endless exhibitions of ill-breeding on her part and of ill-temper on his. At last we discover that it was because he found, after he had married her, that she was a constitutional liar. The defects in the moral constitutions of these people seem to be rather striking and somewhat ineradicable, and, if one objected to them once, he would, in all human probability, always do so. But everything is forgiven and forgotten here, and these impossible people adjust themselves to each other with comparative ease. (Macmillan & Co.)

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"DEAD MAN'S COURT," by Maurice H. Hervey, is a highly sensational story, with a rather ingeniously constructed plot carried on by characters that are sufficiently bloodthirsty to meet its requirements. In his early youth a Spaniard has loved most devotedly a girl who is betrayed and driven insane by a traveling Englishman. The Spaniard vows vengeance against this man and all who may be connected with him. He murders the man himself and takes possession of his daughter, whom he places in a convent where she can be most carefully nurtured, so that when the time comes his vengeance upon her shall be the more complete. In pursuit of this he goes to England, only to find that the original cause of his unhappiness left a son, also, of whose existence he had been, up to that time, in ignorance. Two victims are not enough; all of his enemy's descendants must pay the penalty of their father's crime. It is here that the story really begins, and that a series of thrilling incidents follow closely upon each other. Our interest is kept sufficiently alive, and the dénouement is carefully guarded to the close. A tiny camera in a scarf-pin is a novel and rather interesting feature of the story. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)—A WORDY, meaningless, uninteresting little story is a late addition to the Autonym Library. It is called "The Red Star," by L. McManus. The scene is laid in Poland at the time of the Napoleonic invasion of Russia. The hero commits bigamy, and the woman who is the victim of this crime magnanimously forgives him and rushes away to drown her sorrows in the thickest of the fight. She dons man's clothes and leads her own retainers into battle, hoping to assist Poland in securing her freedom. She returns to her lover, and they return to the shades of private life when the death of the first wife enables them to do so with propriety. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

### A Dissyllabic Monosyllable

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In the course of the most recent of his clever articles on "Men, Women and Books," under the sub-heading, "The Limitations of Inspiration" (*The Critic*, 14 March), Mr. I. Zangwill remarks:—

"Genius can no more safeguard a man against his own ignorance than it can find a rhyme to 'silver.' Inspiration could not save Keats from his cockney rhymes nor Mrs. Browning from her rhymeless rhymes. I met a poet in a London suburb—it seemed odd to see one out of Fleet Street—but after a few bewildered instants I recognized him. There was on his brow the burden of a brooding sorrow. I sought delicately to probe the cause of his grief, and he confessed at last that in a

much-praised poem just published he had made a monosyllabic dissyllabic. He had never got over a youthful mispronunciation, and in an unguarded moment of inspiration it had slipped in."

As Mr. Zangwill refrains from divulging the identity of his disconsolate poet and of the latter's halting number, it may seem ungracious to attempt to lift the veil; but what may pretty certainly be regarded as the offending verse in question has, as a result of its distinguished destiny, startled so many a cultivated ear, that it fairly claims to find itself recorded. In Mr. J. Comyns Carr's drama of "King Arthur," which has delighted well-nigh the entire theatre-going world of England and America in the course of the past year, Merlin's weird prophecy runs as follows:—

"I go hence, yet Fate shall stay  
Till the dawn of that dread day;  
He Pendragon's son shall slay  
That is born with the May!"

As pronounced on the stage by Sir Henry's company, not the slightest compromise with the Hibernian (?) dissyllabic quality of the word *born* is permitted; while the fact that the refrain is thrice repeated in solemn crises of the play (pp. 28, 60, 64) gives triple emphasis to the poet's license. That his peculiar treatment of the *r*-sound is not confined, however, to a single monosyllable, is shown by other verses in the same play:—

"Love, the bird upon the wing,  
Hate, the worm devouring" (p. 5);

"Yet beware! Time's beating wing,  
Restless and untiring" (p. 6).

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, 17 March 1896. H. A. TODD.

### Thoreau or Emerson?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In my "browsings among books" I have just come upon a singular literary coincidence which seems to have escaped the notice of those generally the first to detect such similarities. At least, I have never seen any mention or explanation of it. Among the "Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers" which make up the last two thirds of Thoreau's volume known as "A Yankee in Canada, etc.," is a charming little essay on "Prayers," with four specimen orisons, gathered, the author says, from certain diaries that had lately come in his way. In "Natural History of Enthusiasm, and Other Papers," forming Vol. XII of the Riverside Edition of Emerson's works, appears this same essay on "Prayers," as if by Mr. Emerson. A footnote says that it is reprinted from *The Dial*, Vol. III., p. 77. The two copies are identical, except in an occasional parenthesis and some italics, and the word "mine" in one, where the other has "mind."

As Thoreau's volume was published in 1866, some five years after his death, he was possibly not responsible for the insertion in it of papers that he may not have written. But as the volume was in circulation for nearly a score of years previous to the death of Mr. Emerson, its contents must have been known to the latter, and it seems strange that he did not correct any error on the part of Thoreau's editor. Internal evidence points to Emerson as the author. What can Mr. Cabot tell us about it?

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., 24 Feb. 1896.

J. H. W.

### Two Poems

#### SYMPATHY

You sit in the house of the sorrow,  
We stand at the door;  
For your dead is no dawn of to-morrow  
On Earth evermore.

"And the living reck not of my sorrow  
Who stand at the door?"  
Nay: the dead lies apart, but to-morrow  
We love you the more.

#### 'Aia!

My youth was strong: I said, "Good Love, go by."  
My youth was strong (ah me!) and full of hope.  
Now I am old, from morn till night I mope,  
For Love is gone, and this poor thing is I.

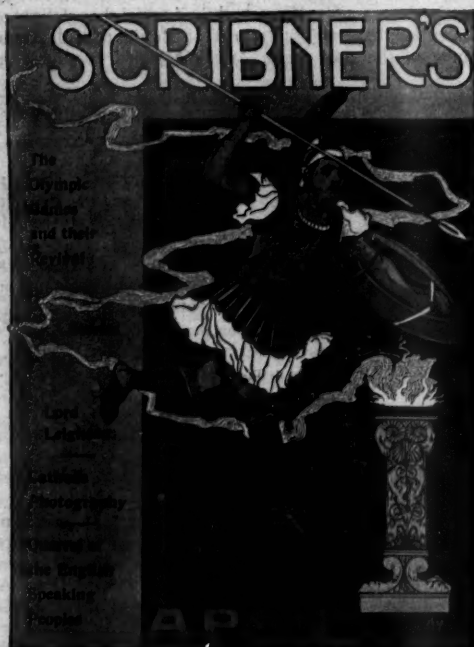
EDWIN W. FAY.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, Lexington, Virginia.

## The April Magazines

### "Scribner's Magazine"

TO A GREAT many people Miss Aline Gorren's paper on the "Ethics of Modern Journalism" will prove of uncommon interest. The subject is one that is disturbing thoughtful people in every part of the country, who are waiting patiently, and hoping ardently, for a reaction from the present sensational methods.



Miss Gorren argues that the existing lamentable condition of American journalism is the outgrowth of existing social conditions and will work out its own salvation. We hope that it will, and that it will be quick about it, too. Miss Gorren gives the following reasons why our newspapers are so bad:—"In reality, do we perceive what the vulgarities of the modern newspaper press actually represent? Do we realize that their personalities are the result of the desperate desire of the new classes, to whom democratic institutions have given their first chance, to discover the way to *live*, in the wide social meaning of the word? The hour belongs to these classes. Their ideals are becoming more and more the ideals of all masses of society, and what they are chiefly eager for is not ideas but palpable realities. What the man wants who newly finds himself with incalculably increased material opportunities before him is not, at first, thoughts that will strengthen his hold upon the eternal verities. No. It is information that will put him in direct touch with the actualities of the passing hour; information that will teach him all about his environment, and what he is to do there, and how he is to conduct himself in order to keep the place that he has got, and to extend it, to push himself farther on."—The timeliness of Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's article on "The Late Lord Leighton," with its wealth of illustration, is not altogether intentional. Lord Leighton made the selections for the illustrations himself. The article is an exhaustive one, and appears at a time when it will have a wide reading.—"Sentimental Tommy" grows in interest. The present instalment has some of Mr. Barrie's most humorous touches.—Mr. Henry Norman of the London *Chronicle* writes vivaciously of "The Quarrel of the English-Speaking Peoples."

### "The Century Magazine"

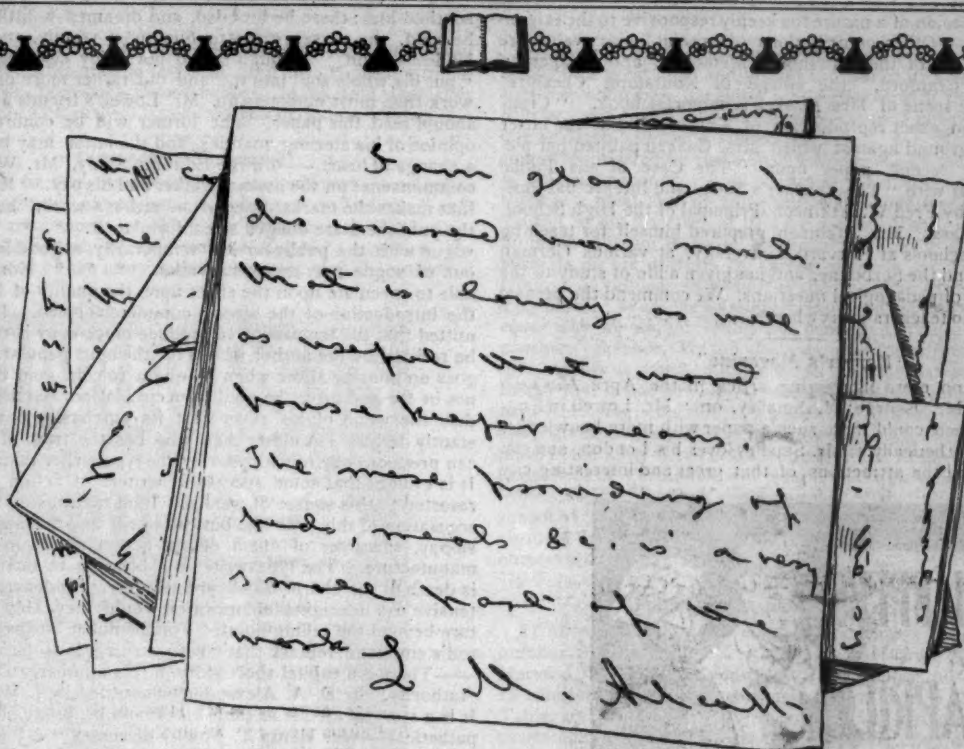
The *Century* has two "star" papers this month, and nothing could be wider apart than their subjects—"The Four Lincoln Conspiracies" and "The Old Olympic Games." As often as we have read of the Lincoln-Booth tragedy, we are always interested in it, and in this paper, by Mr. Victor Louis Mason, some new facts are brought to light concerning the flight and capture of the wretched assassin. Mr. Mason, who is an attaché of the War Department, has had access to its archives, from which he has obtained his illus-

trations. The portraits of the conspirators, which are from photographs, show them all, with the one exception of Booth, to have been men of a low order of intellect as well as of brutal physiognomy. A long extract from Wilkes Booth's diary is given, together with facsimiles of the last two pages; also, illustrations of the other relics connected with this conspiracy, from the archives of the War Department. Mr. Mason tells us that when Booth was captured, there were found upon his person, in addition to the diary and pocket-compass, three six-shooting revolvers and a large knife—not, as the newspapers of the day said, "half a dozen pistols, three large knives, a dagger and a slung-shot."—The description of the Olympic games is by Prof. Marquand of Princeton, and the illustrations are by Mr. A. Castaigne, who is now in Greece for the purpose of illustrating an article on the forthcoming games. While Prof. Marquand's article is of great interest, the illustrations by Mr. Castaigne are of even greater. They are full of action, and have all the spirit of the antique, as the full-page picture of "The Victor" proves.—The frontispiece of this number is an engraving, by Mr. T. Cole, of Mr. George DeForest Brush's "Mother and Child," owned by Mr. Montgomery Sears of Boston. We confess that we did not know that Mr. Brush was capable of such masterly work; at the same time, we confess that we are not familiar with this phase of his art. Most of the pictures that we have seen from his studio have been of Indian subjects. That he can paint in such an entirely different style, and do so well in both, shows him to be as clever as he is versatile.—Japan, not to be behind France, England, America and other barbarous nations, is alive to the possibilities of the poster. Those that are written about by Mr. D. P. B. Conkling relate to war, and are not advertisements, like those that decorate our hoardings. The examples given in this article are very striking, particularly that of "The Trembling General." We have never before seen trembling represented in art; but here it is, and there is no mistaking it.—A paper that is bound to attract attention is Mr. Howells's "Who Are Our Brethren?"—one of his most careful studies in sociology. To the average civilized man, Mr. Howells says, the union of human brotherhood is not only dismaying: it is repulsive, as the physical contact of a stranger would be. Fraternity, he argues, is supernatural, as all civility is. And then he goes on to say, that "at present the most of men do not wish to share in the blessings of supernatural fraternity, because they dread in them some latent quality of the annoyance they find in natural fraternity. From the brotherhood of blood, which they did not choose or seek, they often break away as soon as they can, and treat their brothers on a business footing. They buy and sell with them; they lend and borrow, and take and give usury, or if, for shame's sake, they do not, they secretly feel defrauded. They live apart from one another, and keep their families separate. If one brother prospers beyond the others, they are suspicious of him, and justly, for at the bottom of his heart he knows that they are no longer his equals, and fears that they will some time put him to shame before his equals. We all thought it very droll when the new rich man ceased to ask his brother to dinner, and said, 'One must draw the line somewhere.' But we all felt the joke the more because in our secret souls we had the potentiality of the same meanness."

### "The Atlantic Monthly"

THE MOST IMPORTANT feature of the April *Atlantic* is the beginning of a new serial by Mr. Henry James, which promises well; and what Mr. James promises, he usually performs. After this, perhaps the most striking contribution to the number is an unsigned paper on "The New Poe," which takes as its excuse for being, though no excuse were necessary (in which respect it is like Beauty), the new edition of Poe's works edited by Mr. E. C. Stedman and Prof. Woodberry. "Of all men," says this writer, "Poe had best reason to pray that he might be delivered from the hands of his friends." Most of the disfavor with which Poe has been regarded "is chargeable to the extraordinary confusion of the man with his work—of the ethical with the purely literary aspect—which is so characteristic of literary judgments in this country. This puritanical twang is to be detected even in a study so conscientious" as Prof. Woodberry's memoir. No conclusions in regard to Poe can be considered final, says this writer, until we have a critical history of the intellectual development in this country during the past century. Poe was essentially the product of his time, and until we know the time we cannot know the man. As for Poe's weaknesses, "some day, perhaps, they may find a critic such as François Villon found in Stevenson, and Coleridge in Walter Pater, who will judge them together with his genius as





# Miss Alcott's Letters to Five Girls

NOW PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME  
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Louisa M. Alcott's social, literary and religious views are written down here by her in the frankest possible way, just as one woman would write to another. They are written to five girls, following them through girlhood into womanhood. The letters are published complete

In the APRIL

## Ladies' Home Journal

Ten Cents  
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alike the expression of a nature too keenly responsive to the exigencies of life."—Other contributions of special literary value are the continuation of the Hawthorne Memories, and a paper on "Latter-day Cranford," the village of Knutsford, Cheshire, which was the scene of Mrs. Gaskell's immortal book. "Cranford" is not an exact reproduction of Knutsford, but the latter was the background against which Mrs. Gaskell painted her picture.—The second paper upon "The Case of the Public Schools" deals with "The Teacher's Social and Intellectual Position," and is by Fred W. Atkinson, Principal of the High School, Springfield, Mass. Mr. Atkinson prepared himself for teaching in the public schools at Harvard University, at various German Universities and the Sorbonne, and has given a life of study to the consideration of pedagogical questions. We commend the perusal of this paper to teachers everywhere.

#### "Harper's Magazine"

THERE IS no more interesting article in the April *Harper's* than that by Mr. George W. Smalley, on "Mr. Lowell in England." Few men could write such a paper with more knowledge, or more sympathetically. Mr. Smalley loves his London, and can well understand the attractions of that great and interesting city



to a man of Lowell's tastes and culture. But that Lowell was an Anglomaniac he considers too absurd a charge to be worth denying. Lowell loved England because it gave him what no other country in the world can give, but he did not love America the less. He was an American first and always, and a patriot to his heart's core, but he was a man of sufficient intelligence and broad-mindedness to appreciate those things that can be found in London and nowhere else. To deny them does not prove a man to be a better American than another, it simply proves him more narrow-minded. An Englishman might as well deny the grandeur of the approach by sea to New York, or the beauty of the Riverside Drive, as a New Yorker might deny the social and historic attractions of London. "The intensity of Mr. Lowell's Americanism," says Mr. Smalley, "was one cause of the interest he aroused in London, and of the liking for him. It was not merely that the flavor of it was piquant, and that London is ever eager for new sensations. It was still more that this trait was so obviously genuine, and genuineness is a part of character on which the English set a high value. There may have been Americans who thought they could make their way in London by renouncing their Americanism, or by disparaging their own country. If so, they knew nothing of the English before whom they abased themselves. If ever Lowell's large charity grew strict, it was for such as these." Lowell lived very simply in London among his friends and his books. He was fond of dining out, and was even fonder of entertaining his friends at his own cozy lodgings near Kensington Gardens. There was no place in London that he liked better than Kensington Gardens, where he loved to sit under the big trees with his book:—"The view charmed him, the loneliness

soothed him; there he brooded, and dreamed a little, and there, he said, the verses came to him most readily, and nature was kindest to him." Though he did not enjoy diplomatic work, he "put his whole soul into it," and did rather more of the routine work than most ministers do. Mr. Lowell's friends and foes alike should read this paper. The former will be confirmed in their opinion of his sterling qualities, and the latter may be brought to a change of heart.—In the Editor's Study, Mr. Warner writes commonsense on the literary worker and his pay. "It is the public that makes the market price of an author's work," he says, "and the publishers are obliged to conform to it. \* \* \* To be in vogue with the public means temporarily a good income; to be out of vogue may mean starvation. \* \* \* Nor is it profitable to speculate upon the effect upon the quality of literature of the introduction of the strong commercial spirit. It may be admitted that the temptation to produce much copy is too strong to be resisted by the author who is for the hour popular. But if he goes on minting silver when he ought to coin gold only, he will not in the end drive the gold from circulation, but he will so reduce the value of his silver that its purchasing power will constantly decline. A clever man who has the trick of 'dictating' can produce copy much faster by the type-writer than by his pen. It is evident that some successful writers of fiction have already resorted to this source of wealth. I am not making a downright accusation of this practice, but the wordy and diffused, not to say sloppy, character of much of our fiction points to this kind of manufacture. The type-writer is a blessing to business men, it is death to the charm of all private correspondence, and its extensive use in original composition would inevitably dilute literature beyond the selling-point. For the public keeps in mind Byron's emphatic remark that 'easy writing is — hard reading.'"  
—There is a capital short story in this number, "The Voice of Authority," by E. A. Alexander, illustrated by J. W. Alexander. It is a story of art-life in Paris and would be funny if it were not pathetic.—Mr. Henry T. Fowler discusses "A Phase of Modern College Life," meaning the Intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association.

#### "The Forum"

IN HIS article "On Pleasing the Taste of the Public," Prof. Brander Matthews makes a few observations that will be found very suggestive. He begins by stating that there is a fallacy concealed in the expression "the taste of the public," because it assumes that "there is a public—one public, having a taste in common with all its members. I am inclined to think that, so far from there being only one public, the number of publics having widely divergent likes and dislikes is indefinite, not to say infinite. These smaller publics are no two of them of the same size; and no doubt the membership of some of them is too limited for an author to hope to make his living by pleasing it. There are, in fact, as many different publics as there are separate authors; and there must be, since no two writers ever made precisely the same appeal to their readers. No two leaders in literature ever had exactly the same set of followers. The admirers of Byron when he burst forth first had been many of them the admirers of Scott; but the two circles had not the same radius; and they were intersecting and not concentric." This is very true, but is often lost sight of in discussions of "the public taste." Prof. Matthews divides the art of fiction into four periods:—"In the beginning Fiction dealt with the Impossible—with wonders, with mysteries, with the supernatural; and these are the staple of 'The Arabian Nights,' of Greek romances like 'The Golden Ass,' and of the tales of chivalry like 'Amadis of Gaul.' In the second stage the merely Improbable was substituted for the frankly Impossible; and the hero went through adventures in kind such as might befall anybody, but in quantity far more than are likely to happen to any single man, unless his name were Gil Blas or Quentin Durward, Natty Bumppo, or D'Artagnan. Then, in the course of years, the Improbable was superseded by the Probable; and it is by their adroit presentation of the Probable that Balzac and Thackeray hold their high places in the history of the art. But the craft of the novelist did not come to its climax with the masterpieces of Balzac and of Thackeray; its development continued perforce; and there arose story-tellers who preferred to deal rather with the Inevitable than with the Probable only; of this fourth stage of the evolution of fiction perhaps the most salient examples are 'The Scarlet Letter' of Hawthorne and the 'Romola' of George Eliot, the 'Smoke' of Turgeneff and the 'Anna Karénina' of Tolstol." For a disciple of Mr. Howells and a sympathizer with the late



Prof. Boyesen, Prof. Matthews is quite moderate, and Thackeray and Balzac and Scott may be thankful, after Mr. Howells's scoldings and Prof. Boyesen's denunciations, to be told that they merely belong to an earlier, less developed period of fiction.

#### "Lippincott's Magazine"

IT CANNOT be said that Owen Hall, the author of the complete novel in this number, shows much originality. "Flotsam," as it is called, is reminiscent of W. Clark Russell and Hugh Conway, with a little dash of Marryat. Unhappily, however, the nautical portions of the story make us suspect that the author is



a landlubber; and when we discover, after the shipwreck, that the young lady has lost all memory of her former life, we know that all is well. There is no more encouraging incident in fiction, since the days of "Called Back," than the woman whose mind suddenly becomes a blank. Whenever we reach this catastrophe in the course of a romance, we lay down the volume for a moment, and lean back in our chair with a sigh of contentment. For we know that in good time the lady will recover her mental faculties, and recognize and love once more the man whom now she regards as a stranger. So it is in this case. The author has elongated the story considerably beyond its normal length by having the different characters tell the story in the first person, thus drawing on a rich fund of repetitions. —An article on "The Washingtons in Virginia Life," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, contains numerous illustrations, among them being portraits of Washington, his wife, and of the latter's first husband, Daniel Parke Custis.

#### "Cosmopolis"

THIS NUMBER is far better than its immediate predecessor, equalling in interest the first issue of the review. In the English section we may mention Henry Norman's "A Peace Mission to America," being an account of his visit to Washington for the London *Daily Chronicle* on the Venezuelan boundary question. —A paper on Paul Verlaine, by Mlle. Blaise de Bury, is not all it might be; and George Moore is superlatively himself in his appreciation of the late Lord Leighton, the quality of whose painting he declares to have been bad from beginning to end and "vilely modern." His speeches at Academy banquets were

"rigmarole," and in him nature "had linked to a man always conscious of a great ideal and always faithful to it, a very vulgar and clap-rap showman, speaking all languages with the facility of a courier, and living in a shocking house in Kensington, containing an Arab hall and a stuffed peacock." Mr Moore's praise is somewhat marred by these observations. —Of most importance is Tolstoi's paper on "Zola et Dumas: 'Le Non-Agir,'" wherein there is a great deal of truth and some sophistry. Labor, says Tolstoi, is not a virtue; at best we can say that it is not a crime. So much of labor is futile, so much more of it is harmful—the struggle for life with its cut-throat methods, its indecencies and triumph of ruthless selfishness is the outcome of breathless, headlong labor. Were we to stop working and reflect, we should discover why we do not follow the command given us to love one another. Science, Tolstoi declares, demands from the unscientific masses as much blind faith as the darkest superstition—a theory that is not new. —Theodor Barth, a member of the German Reichstag, contributes a paper on "Kaiser Wilhelm II. und die Sozialdemokratie," which shows the changes that have taken place in the aims of the Socialist party in the Empire. —The first instalment of Ferdinand von Saar's "Requiem der Liebe" corroborates Dr. Nordau's condemnation of the "Young German" school of writers; and Mr. Norman makes some startling disclosures regarding the quality of English diplomatists, in his chronicle of foreign affairs.

#### "Appletons' Popular Science Monthly"

IT IS APPROPRIATE to mention first among the articles in this number that on "The X Rays," by Prof. John Trowbridge of Harvard. It is clear, illustrated, and, above all, authoritative. In connection with it we may mention an article, in the Editor's Table, on the abuse of the new discoveries of science made by charlatans, who extract from them plausible absurdities to advertise and recommend their own wares. This mention of charlatans leads us to take note of Dr. A. Carter's paper on "Quacks and the Reason of Them," translated from *La Nature*. We agree with Dr. Carter that "whatever may happen, there will always be credulous people and always men disposed to deceive them." In fact, the number of credulous people is bound to increase as the discoveries of science become more marvelous. The word impossible will fade from the consciousness of most people, and the denial of its existence is the foundation of the quack's fortunes. —W. D. Le Sueur's paper on "War and Civilization" should be thoroughly digested by jingoes and all advocates of war in the abstract. His glimpse of France and Germany since 1870 shows that war is a curse even for the victor. It would seem that this axiom needed no further proof at this late day, and yet the lightheartedness with which a large minority of us would go to war is nothing short of appalling. —Prof. Cesare Lombroso treats of "The Savage Origin of Tattooing," apropos of a reported London fad. He repeats his well-known statement that tattoo marks nearly always betray a criminal tendency.

#### "McClure's Magazine"

THIS NUMBER contains the opening chapters of Anthony Hope's new novel, "Phroso," and a poem by Rudyard Kipling. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps continues her "Chapters from a Life," and tells at some length the origin of "The Gates Ajar." She says of it:—"That book grew so naturally, it was so inevitable, it was so unpremeditated, it came so plainly from that something not one's self which makes for uses in which one's self is extinguished, that there are times when it seems to me as if I had no more to do with the writing of it than the bough through which the wind cries, or the wave by means of which the tide rises. The angel said unto me 'Write!' and I wrote. It is impossible to remember how or when the idea of the book first visited me. Its publication bears the date of 1869. My impressions are that it may have been towards the close of 1864 that the work began; for there was work in it, more than its imperfect and youthful character might lead one ignorant of the art of book-making to suppose. \* \* \* At that time, it will be remembered, our country was dark with sorrowing women. The regiments came home, but the mourners went about the streets. \* \* \* Into that great world of woe my little book stole forth, trembling. So far as I can remember having had any 'object' at all in its creation, I wished to say something that would comfort some few—I did not think at all about comforting many, not daring to suppose that incredible privilege possible—of the women whose misery crowded the land."

## The Lounger

THE PUBLICATION of a volume on Bayard Taylor in the American Men of Letters Series will be welcomed by all students of



Bayard Taylor

American letters. The portrait of Taylor given here is from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Portrait Catalogue. (See review on page 230.)

SOME ONE ASKED me the other day how I would like to hear a certain *étude* in A flat. I answered that person that if there was anything in this world that I despised, it was to hear music in a flat. If my friend had had my experience, he would never have asked me such a question. Below a flat in which I once lived there was a young man who thought he had a gift for music. If a gift for music is the same as a gift for breaking stones with one's fists, then I should say that this young man had it, and had it to the verge of genius. I have heard all the famous pianists who have played in this country in the last quarter of a century, and I have never heard one—with perhaps the exception of the Cow-Boy Pianist—who had his wrist power. This young man's mother was engaged in some business that took her away from home during the day (for which she should thank her stars), and it seemed to put money in his purse as well as hers, for he did not appear to feel under any necessity to go out to earn his living. (I have noticed that a wage-earning woman in the family often has that effect upon husbands and sons.) This young man had therefore plenty of leisure to cultivate his musical muscle—I can hardly call it talent. He had no intention of taking up music as a profession; indeed, I heard that he proposed to study for the ministry. The thought has just occurred to me that perhaps he was practising pulpit pounding. If this was so, and if a preacher's eloquence is in proportion to his ability to pound, this young man is going to out-Beecher Beecher.

I HAVE VERY MUCH an Englishman's opinion that a man's house is his castle, but I am not quite sure that his flat is as much his own, for if it is his castle to do in as he likes, then his neighbor's flat is his castle also. They are, so far as sound goes, virtually one room, and if my neighbor chooses to play the piano till one o'clock at night, I have no redress but must grin and bear it. I may be obliged to bear it, but I am sure that I do not grin. To be robbed of one's sleep is no laughing matter. The only thing I can say for the young man who played in the flat under mine is that he did not play very late at night; but he made up for this by playing very loudly when he did play. I am sure he kept both feet on the loud pedal all the time; and as for

his perseverance, I will attest to that, for he played every bar over at least half a dozen times. He was a young man, as I have said, but he played the most old-fashioned music. I do not mean Palestrina and the Gregorian chants, but the sort of music that was fashionable in country drawing-rooms thirty or forty years ago. His *fidée de résistance* was a song called "Beautiful Dreamer Wake Unto Me," which has been arranged as a piano-forte "morceau," to quote from the programs. It has a rich, rumbling bass, which, I am sure, is played with crossed hands. That peculiar richness could be produced in no other way. You have no idea of the havoc that such a piece can make with one's nerves. You wish that you had never been born, or that, having been born, your lines might have been cast in some place where pianos were unknown. I wonder if one has absolutely no protection against pianos? I doubt whether he has, for was it not right here in New York that a man who lay dying, last winter, sent word to a woman who was pounding a piano in a room on the other side of his party-wall, asking her if she would not stop for a few moments and let him die in peace, to which she replied that she didn't care how he died, and that she was going to play as long and as loud as she liked, as it was her own house. And being as good as her word, she played on, and the man died to her music. Why can't we have a Raines Piano Bill? I am sure it would be popular, and it would help the cause of temperance, too, for I believe that many a man has been driven out of his home at night by the playing of a piano in some other house than his own.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL says that Mr. J. B. Walker did not go in the right way about his quest of Mr. Gladstone as a contributor to *The Cosmopolitan*. To offer him a dollar a word for anything he might write was munificent, but it was not tactful. Mr. Gladstone takes offence at the idea of writing merely for money. He is not to be got at in that way. You must, says Dr. Nicoll, find out the subjects that interest him, and mildly and deferentially suggest that he should treat them. If he is disposed to do so, the question of money has to be very delicately handled. Mr. Gladstone is not exorbitant, but he knows the price that he puts upon his wares. "He values very much editorial interest in his subject," adds Dr. Nicoll, "and I have known him converse with much affability and pleasure with the sub-editor who took his proofs, if he found that he had been following his arguments. For a review article, Mr. Gladstone's price is about 200*l.*, and he has been known to write magazine articles for about 40*l.*"

I REPRODUCE from the *World* this excellent sketch of three well-known members of the Board of Directors of the New York



Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations. The President, Mr. John Bigelow, appropriately occupies the centre; behind him is Bishop Potter, while on his right sits Mr. George L. Rives. The likenesses in the picture are truly striking, as every one will admit who knows their subjects.

BOOKS HAVE BEEN written from time to time, telling every man how he might become his own lawyer, or his own doctor, but I doubt if many men attempt those difficult rôles: they are afraid of the consequences. But no man seems to be afraid of the consequences of being his own editor and publisher. It needs no book to tell him how to do this. It is example that does the mis-



chief, and Messrs. Stone & Kimball have a great deal to answer for. They did it with their little *Chap-Book*. Now every man, young or old, who has literary aspirations and credit at the printer's, publishes his own periodical. It is a little thing, but it is all his own. Some of these broadsides, hornbooks, or whatever they may be, are quite clever, but more of them are deadly dull. Every day brings a new one, and I am wondering when some one with some originality will come along and give us something fresh. Boston is guilty of adding to these sins with *Time and the Hour*, which is written by the Taverner, "helped by a Booktaster, a Playgoer, a Reformer, a Dilettante and a Story-teller." It is a well printed, prettily got-up periodical, as most of them are, and it is pleasant reading, but it is very much like the Taverner in his own column of the *Post*.

\* \* \*

The *Yale Literary Magazine* celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of its birth on Monday of this week. A reference to the



cover of the "*Lit*" designed by the Hon. William Evarts, was made in last week's *Critic*. I reproduce the design here, adding the device that accompanies it:

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENTES  
Cantabant SOBOLES, unanimesque PATRES."

\* \* \*

MRS. BURNETT'S "*Lady of Quality*" has met with immediate success, and is believed by many good judges to be a book of much more than ordinary merit. Some of its readers, however, do not like it and find much to criticise in its plot and style. A writer in *The Bookman* finds it worse than "Jude," or, rather, he thinks that Clorinda's character and exploits "throw Arabella's and all other common persons' quite in the shade." It is curious that people of probably equal intelligence can read a book and get such entirely different impressions from it. I think that there are certain coarsenesses in "*A Lady of Quality*," but to compare Arabella and Clorinda seems to me simple madness. There are points in Mrs. Burnett's book that are open to criticism, and one of these is the light and airy way in which Clorinda kills her ex-lover with a loaded whip and kicks his body under the divan to get it out of the way of her guests. To be sure, there was nothing else for her to do, but the reader wonders whether she would have done anything else if she could. He was a thing to her, and not an ordinary corpse. To appreciate her conduct we must take circumstances into consideration. Clorinda was a creature of her environment, and a dead man more or less was not a very disturbing element, even though he might have died by her hand. Those days were not these days, and Clorinda was a remarkable woman even for her time. Whatever the faults of the book—and I do not for a moment pretend that it has not faults—it is a "rattling good" story, and is not given over to erotica.

\* \* \*

G. D. F. WRITES to us from Kansas City, Mo.:—"Searching in St. Louis for a *de luxe* copy of 'Trilby,' I called at Boland's—the largest and oldest establishment in that city—and, on asking if they had a copy, received the answer, 'We have du Maurier's 'Trilby,' but do not keep *Deluxe's*.' This is almost as bad as the enquiry for an epidemic (academic) dictionary, which startled a Kansas City book-clerk."

## London Letter

IT IS A POOR wit that is always lusting to identify the places of poetry and of fiction; for it proceeds from a misunderstanding at the outset. The artist is no photographer; and the homes and heaths which he transfers to his canvas are seldom reproduced there with the tiresome fidelity of a kodak. And yet, at the end of last week, finding myself among the Surrey hills, in a hollow rarely accessible to the bicycle, it seemed a matter of more than common interest to have pointed out the "Crossways" of Mr. George Meredith's "*Diana*." I do not know whether Mr. Meredith has ever acknowledged the identification, but it is generally accepted among such of his followers as have penetrated to the quiet region. The house stands at the foot of a sandy hill, within about eight miles of Dorking. The nearest village is Abinger Hammer, which seems to consist entirely of a smithy, a general shop, a tavern and three cottages. The "Crossways" is perhaps about a mile further on: in the Dorking direction. You come upon the house suddenly, at a turn of the road. It stands back, low, red-bricked, gabled, and you see it through an old archway, spanning an iron gateway. There is a trim, old-fashioned garden between the road and the house, with standard roses and quaint perennials. The windows have leaded panes; the martens make their nests under the eaves. Mr. Meredith's home at Boxhill is about eight miles away, and, while you stand at the Crossways, in the very heart of seclusion, you are less than forty miles from Charing Cross. The building is a farmhouse now, and a hen calls to you across the garden. But not a soul appears in sight; and you are left to sentiment and imagination. The tourist has yet to discover the parting of the ways—and long may he miss the turning!

All Mr. James Payn's friends (and they are very many) will hear with regret that he has now finally decided to relinquish the editorship of *Cornhill*. His successor is Mr. St. Loe Strachey, who comes of an old literary family in Somerset, and has for some time acted as sub-editor of *The Spectator*. Mr. Strachey is a keen politician, and was wont to write the war-songs of the North Somerset radicals, when his brother was essaying to make their laws. He has contributed many suggestive articles to the principal reviews and magazines, and will endeavor to lift *The Cornhill* once more into the foremost place it used to hold among monthly periodicals. Lately there has been little but fiction in its pages; though its serials have always maintained a high level of excellence. Mr. Strachey is said to be projecting various important developments, and to have already concluded arrangements for a striking novelty in magazine literature.

Mr. Robert Buchanan, having "commenced publisher," announces that he will shortly put forth a new review. Owing to an erratic use of capitals in his initial advertisement, most readers concluded that his venture was to be called *The New Review*, and that there were shortly to be two Richards in the field. This is not so, however; and Mr. Buchanan has his title up his sleeve. He is said to express contempt for the methods of editing at present in vogue, and to meditate the foundation of a new era. What more there is to learn, we shall see at a date not yet specified.

*The Minster* is taking a few weeks' rest, but is understood to be far from moribund. The Artistic Supply Co., which purchased this magazine in December of last year, is a young association of adventurous spirits, and has gone somewhat too quickly for its resources. An arrangement with its creditors has been found necessary, but it is believed that the business will shortly be re-constituted on a more satisfactory basis; and that *The Minster* will take on a new life with the spring.

There seems to be a most stimulating enthusiasm for the classics; and the number of new reprints of old masterpieces increases every week. Mr. Clement Shorter is the latest editor to take up the good work; and, characteristically, he brings it up to date with a library of Nineteenth Century Classics, starting with Carlyle and Matthew Arnold. "Sartor Resartus" will be introduced by Prof. Dowden, "Heroes and Hero worship" by Mr. Edmund Gosse; and the Arnold volume, which is to contain "A lare at Rome" and "Cromwell" (the Rugby and Oxford prize-poems), by Dr. Garnett.

It would appear that nowadays no book can be called successful which does not pass through several editions before it is published at all. This morning's papers are full of advertisements of a new book by a well-known purveyor of sensational fiction, whose story is not to be issued till Monday, and will then be in its fourth edition. Whether the public is taken in by this sort of thing or no, it is difficult to say; but it is certainly the cheapest kind of

manipulation. It means either one of two things. The publisher may, firstly, have underrated the number of copies likely to be sold upon subscription, and so given a first printing-order inadequate to the demand; or, secondly, he may have printed the words "First Edition" upon the first few thousand, "Second" on the next batch, and so on. In neither case do the additional copies constitute a genuine edition, which means, if it means anything, a reprint rendered necessary by the exhaustion of stock placed upon the market in the usual course of business. It is really time that these tricks of the cheap hucksters were discarded by self-respecting writers. Soaps and mustards have their methods, but one wishes better treatment for even the most vulgar and incompetent of novels.

It is with the greatest regret that I hear of the illness of Mr. James Ashcroft Noble, who is suffering from an aggravated form of laryngitis, and whose condition is said to be causing great anxiety to his friends. Mr. Noble is a sincere and conscientious critic, who, as Arnold said of Clough, has not yet learnt to praise what he despises, or disparage what he admires. His work is always stimulating, and his view sincere.

LONDON, 20 March 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

## The Fine Arts

### Exhibition of the Society of American Artists

(FIRST NOTICE)

THE PAINTINGS which are on exhibition at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society are almost without exception in that very high key of color which until recently was seldom attempted except by Mr. Claude Monet and his fellow luminarists. The effect, on entering, is almost dazzling. It is like the first glimpse through an open window of a bright summer landscape with white clouds and blue water. Yet there are few important landscapes and no very great proportion of *plein air* subjects, but whether the figure or the background predominate, whether the scene be an interior or out-of-doors, whether the time be noonday or midnight, everybody paints with much brighter pigments than he would have employed a few years ago. If there were merely this change of key to be remarked, we should not regard it as much of a gain, though it is undoubtedly well to be rid of bitumen. We had grown accustomed to see brilliant, or, more often, crude color, applied unsparingly to canvases from which form was absent. But, from the first, the movement was a hopeful one. It gave the painter a new aim; it brought him face to face with new difficulties; it provided him with a new reason for putting thought into his work and avoiding mere copyism. To approach the intensity of natural light is to make little use of the darker tones on the palette, and to lessen one's facilities for realistic representation of the object. The loss must be made up for, not only by more skilful manipulation of the smaller range of tones, but by more accurate seeing and more judicious choice of the elements of the subject that may be represented. The case is in a manner similar to that of etching, in which a man attempts to give with a few lines the impression of a subject which in nature is full of color and subtle light and shade. Obviously, the poorer the means, the more must be due to the painter's imagination and judgment, if a satisfactory result is arrived at, and so the effort to paint sunlight has done more to give an intellectual value to modern painting than any amount of study of literature or of science would have done.

The visitor will, we are certain, be impressed with the fact that there is much more than mere cleverness and bright color in most of the paintings in the exhibition. There is evident a general and keen delight in the work, a vivid appreciation of at least that side of the subject that appeals directly to the painter, a search, frequently successful, for new harmonies of line, of color, of intention. Bright color, of itself, suggests cheerful subjects, and what can be more inspiring in their way than those of the pictures which are disposed in the most important places in the Vanderbilt Gallery—Mr. Robert Reid's "Autumn," a pretty country girl, bare-footed and bare-headed, laden with a huge mass of golden-rod and asters, all in sunlight, against a sun-lit background covered with the yellow weeds; his "Opal," the same model, perhaps, but nude and brightly lit from different sides with bluish and orange lights; and Mr. Frank W. Benson's "Summer," a charming damsel suggesting Pollajuolo or Botticelli by the sudden grace of her movement and the fluttering of her thin drapery, as she advances between the slender trees in the bright-green meadow? To this last picture has been awarded the Shaw prize, and, if the artist is

to be congratulated, still more is the donor, who becomes its owner. We dare say that there are not many real lovers of art in this city who will not envy him his prize. It is worth remarking that Mr. Benson has not found it necessary to employ the mosaic-like touch of the luminarists. His picture is broadly treated, and the manner of the brush-work is that of the decorative painters of the Renaissance in large, sweeping strokes which vary with the character of the surface to be indicated, and are nowhere merely dexterous, but are full of meaning. Mr. Reid's jewel-work in his "Opal" is, however, just as fine in its way, and the modelling of the flesh by touches which are not separately visible when one stands at a proper distance from the picture, is most admirable.

Mr. Will H. Low's "Little God Pan," a study of sunlight falling through rich foliage on the nude figure of a boy piping by a still stream, is more worthy of the painter's talent than anything that we have seen by him for some years. Mr. Guy Rose's pretty but enigmatical fancy of a boy with moth's wings stretched out on a hearth rug before a glowing fire; Mr. Robert Van Voorst Sewell's large decorative composition, "The Groves of Persephone," and Mrs. Mary F. MacMonnies's "The Breeze," a floating figure in the Pompeian fashion, but with a background apparently copied from a Persian tile, do not exhaust the list of works of a decorative or ideal character, worthy of mention; but we must notice the single important *genre* subject shown before proceeding in our next number to the portraits and the pictures that may properly be classed with them. Mr. August Franzén attracted some attention, a few years ago, partly by his sympathetic painting of scenes from the daily life of very poor people, but quite as much by his extravagance of color. He has now apparently rid himself of the inclination to use violent and discordant reds and yellows, and his picture, "The Tramp," is as sober in color as any in the exhibition, while his keen appreciation of character is shown in the two figures of the hungry tramp and the pitying housewife, and his knowledge of the dramatic value of accessories in the snowy landscape and in the two dogs that, actuated by a common class feeling, are approaching one another, evidently with the most friendly intentions. Mr. Franzén's work might be more effective if he would suppress what is not needed for his purpose. He is at present too much occupied with detail, and should give greater importance to the purely pictorial aspects of things. We are not of those who would deny an artist the right to preach a sermon on charity, if he chooses; but he should above all things preach it artistically.

### 71st Exhibition of the National Academy of Design

ALTHOUGH OUR YOUNGER painters are not very largely represented at the National Academy of Design, there is enough of their work, and of that of the older members who have all along been in sympathy with them, to raise the character of the exhibition above the common. In the corridor will be found a "Girl Arranging Flowers," rather glaring in color, by Mr. Frank W. Benson, the painter of the Shaw prize picture at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists. Other important pictures are Miss Cecilia Beaux's portrait of Dr. J. S. Billings, U. S. A., in a gorgeous red robe worn over his regimentals; a pleasant glimpse of "Holland," a girl and child in a narrow passage seen through an open door, by Mr. Walter Shirlaw; a good portrait of a "Cello Player," by Mr. Thomas Eakins; one of Mr. Walter L. Palmer's always pleasing snow scenes, "Winter Afternoon"; and a landscape, "Sunshine and Rain," by Mr. George Wharton Edwards, much more seriously studied than this artist's work usually is.

One of the best pictures of *genre* in the exhibition is Mr. Henry Mosler's "A Ghost Story," in the North Gallery. A group of women and children is gathered around the open fireplace of a Breton kitchen, listening to one of their number, who has just arrived at the most thrilling part of her tale. The faces and gestures are expressive, the composition varied and pleasing, and the effect of the firelight on them and the accessories very well rendered. To the same artist's picture of an old man and a boy mowing, "Helping Grandpa," in the East Gallery, has been awarded the Thomas B. Clarke prize for the best American figure composition in the exhibition. Mr. C. D. Weldon, whose remarkable collection of drawings by Hokusai was made the subject of an interesting lecture by Mr. La Farge at the Century Club, last Saturday, has, in the North Gallery, a painting of the picturesque surroundings of a Japanese "Farmer's Home." One of the most pleasing of the smaller landscapes is Mr. Samuel Coleman's view "On the River, Guanajuato, Mexico," in which warm sunset tones on whitewashed masonry, and cool shadows intensify



fied by the blue of the river in the foreground, are skilfully contrasted. Mr. Child Hassam's "The Lilacs" is a fairly successful attempt at rendering sunlight, dispersed by thin foliage, falling upon pale lilac flowers and the white dress of a seated figure. The charm which the artist evidently finds in motives of this sort, to which he so frequently recurs, lies probably in the difficulty of avoiding a scattered and monochromatic effect. The numerous sharply contrasted lights and darks tend to rob the picture of unity and color, and it is with some surprise that one finds, as here, that it has a distinct pictorial and chromatic charm. We would suggest, however, that, in nature, the light after passing through such a screen of leafage, becomes confused and mingled, owing to radiation, and that the contrasts are seldom so distinct as he makes them. The general tone is composed of a variously broken grey, with almost pure local color appearing in places. Mr. Hassam's "Summer," a very large painting of young women enjoying themselves in a garden nook surrounded by old-fashioned houses, is the most remarkable picture in the exhibition—partly because of its very high key, but more because of the successful rendering of strong sunlight in the open air.

Mr. J. Alden Weir's "Rabbit Hutch" is pleasing in tone and line; Mr. Stephen Parrish's "Rivière Du Loup," Mr. C. A. Platt's "Larkspur" and Mr. Walter L. Palmer's "The Hudson in Winter" are excellent studies of landscape. Of several small portraits. Mr. William Sargeant Kendall's "study" in pastel, Mr. John S. Sargent's "Portrait of Gardiner Greene Hammond, Jr.," and Mr. Thomas W. Dewing's "Portrait" of a lady, beautifully drawn but strangely morbid in color, are among the best. Mr. F. S. Church's "St. Cecilia" has all the artist's accustomed grace of line, and even more than his usual delicacy of color. The late Thomas Hovenden's "Founders of a State," pioneers resting in a grassy valley, is a very large painting, and would be in every way successful but for the concentration of the spectator's attention on the foreshortened arm and hand of the principal figure. We must mention Mr. F. D. Millet's "An Overture," Mr. Louis Paul Dessar's "Louise," a little girl enjoying her evening meal, standing, and Mrs. Mary Brewster Hazleton's "In a Studio," as among the cleverest of the pictures of *genre* subjects in the South Gallery.

Mr. F. H. Lungen's "The Snake Dance," in the West Gallery, is more remarkable as a life-size illustration of a strange religious rite than as a picture. The custom represented is still kept up in the Moqui village of Walpi, in Arizona. It will, doubtless, soon be extinct; and Mr. Lungen's painting, which is well executed in a strictly realistic way, should be extremely valuable as a record of this late example of an important phase of religious development.

The Julius Hallgarten prizes have been awarded to Mrs. Hazleton of Boston, for "In a Studio" (\$300), J. H. Hatfield of Canton Junction, Mass., for "After the Bath" (\$200), and Miss Louise Cox for "Pomona" (\$100).

#### School Decorations

A COLLECTION of photographs, casts and bronzes, selected as being particularly appropriate for use as school decorations, is on exhibition in the Art Building in Montague Street, Brooklyn, and will remain until April 4. The photographs illustrate the history of architecture from the temples of ancient Egypt to the Capitol at Washington, and that of painting from the fifteenth century to the present day. The bronzes include a few old Italian pieces, a good collection of proofs after Barye, and some modern Japanese specimens. A cast of the Victory of Samothrace stands on a pedestal in the middle of the room. In a smaller gallery is a number of original drawings and proofs of woodcuts after them, lent by the Century Co. There is, also, an interesting, but not particularly appropriate, display of pottery.

It is perhaps worth noticing that the few drawings referred to are the only original works of art in this exhibition, and that these, having been made for illustration, are not such as the artists would have done if they were free. Casts and photographs are very useful to the student of the history of art, and may give a certain amount of pleasure; but the student who has never seen any actual work can gain from them but a very inadequate notion of the originals. Art is something more than a means for conveying general information; it has a language and a message of its own, and we should like to see in every school-room some one original work, at least, not necessarily highly finished, or of the first importance, but good enough to suggest that the casts and photographs are but a superior sort of illustrations, and are not to be taken as substitutes for the things they represent.

#### Bicycle Posters

A COLLECTION of 525 poster designs, made to advertise the Columbia bicycle, which, taken together, illustrate in a remarkable way the possibilities of the bicycle in art, having been on exhibition at the Metropolitan Riding Academy in this city, has



since astonished the Brooklynites, and will soon have been shown throughout the country. The Pope Manufacturing Co., for which the designs have been made, publishes a very handsomely illustrated "Annual Greeting" with a really artistic cover-design, printed on hand-made paper. We reproduce the poster that won the first prize, as it appeared in the columns of the *Tribune*. The artist is Mr. Maxfield Parrish of Philadelphia.

#### Art Notes

GEORGE HENRY BOUGHTON, the well-known American artist, has been elected a member of the Royal Academy, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Lord Leighton.

—The Stuart Fund Association, recently organized in Boston, has issued an appeal for funds for the erection of a memorial to the late Gilbert Stuart. The officers of the Association are as follows: President, Edward H. Coates, President of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia; First Vice-President, S. H. Kauffmann, President of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.; Second Vice-President, T. Jefferson Coolidge of Boston; Third Vice-President, Henry G. Marquand, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Corresponding Secretary, Frank T. Robinson, Roxbury, Mass.; and Treasurer, Frank Gair Macomber, No. 115 Water Street, Boston, to whom all contributions should be sent. We hope and are confident that the portraitist of George Washington, who was also one of our foremost early painters, will finally have a monument worthy of him and of the American people.

—Mr. du Maurier's drawings for the illustrations of "Trilby" will be exhibited in this city a second time, at the Avery Art Galleries, March 30–April 15. The exhibition of Edwin A. Abbey's pastels at the Galleries was prolonged one week by request, closing only on March 28.

—"Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's latest picture, 'The Duel,' one of the largest and most important she has painted, will be exhibited," says the London *Athenaeum*, "in Mr. Lefèvre's Gallery, King Street, St. James's, immediately after the private view, which is appointed for the 16th inst. The work depicts the combat, in 1734, between the celebrated stallions, the Godolphin Arabian and Hobgoblin, the prize of the victor being the beautiful Roxana, the swiftest racer of her time. The scene is a sunlit

paddock in Lord Godolphin's stud-farm at Gog-Magog, near Cambridge. The magnificent black Arabian has already almost overcome his hardly less handsome antagonist, the nearly white Hobgoblin. Rearing up and biting furiously, the victor is not only striking Hobgoblin with one of his forefeet, but with his enormous chest he is pressing upon him. He is about to throw the weaker animal over on the meadow, and, although Hobgoblin vengefully bites his enemy's right shoulder, it is manifest that he cannot long resist an utter defeat. The design is not only one of the most lifelike of the great artist's making, but in the masculine drawing and accomplished modelling of the horses equals any of her former productions."

—An exhibition of European picture posters, including the complete work of Chéret, will be held during April, by Messrs. Meyer Bros., 1127 Broadway.

—The Friendly Aid Society, 248 East 34th Street, has followed the example of Hull House, Chicago, and established a circulating picture-gallery. A membership fee of ten cents is charged, and the pictures selected are either exchanged or renewed at the end of two weeks. It seems that the poor Italians most thoroughly appreciate this new departure, which cannot be too generously aided. We refer our readers to Miss Monroe's Chicago Letter, in *The Critic* of 4 May 1895, for a full account of the Hull House circulating-gallery and its inestimable benefits. Now, will some philanthropic genius arise and find a way to carry music into the daily life of the poor?

### The University Settlement

THE University Settlement Society's lease of the building at 26 Delancey Street will expire on July 1, and strenuous efforts are being made to secure a fund for the purchase of land and the erection of a new building. The work of the Settlement has reached a point beyond which it cannot be extended, and at which it can scarcely be maintained, unless better quarters and equipment are provided. The estimated cost of a suitable building, together with a lot some 50 by 100 feet in size, is about \$150,000. A plot has been made, and an option secured on a very desirable part of ground in the heart of the tenement region; but, unless \$48,000 shall have been raised before the middle of this month, the opportunity of buying will be lost. The very useful and important work of this Society is absolutely non-sectarian—a fact which ought to strengthen but really seems to weaken its appeal for popular support. Subscriptions to the building fund, or letters relating thereto, may be addressed to President Seth Low of Columbia College, the Society's President; Mr. Stephen H. Olin, Chairman of the Council; Mr. Henry Holt, Chairman of the Building Committee; Mr. James Speyer, Treasurer, 15 Broad Street, or Mr. Lester W. Clark, Secretary, 35 Wall Street.

### Educational Notes

THE so-called "compromise" public school bill was passed by the New York Senate on March 31. It embodies the abolition of the Ward Trusteeships—the great point at issue between the reformers and the Tammany reactionaries. To Mrs. Morton's personal interest in the cause of school reform is attributed the recent gubernatorial message urging the Legislature to immediate action. The Senate's prompt response is of inestimable value to the teachers of this city, as it tends to free them forever from thralldom to the petty politicians who have so long stood in the way of any proper administration of the affairs of our public schools.

The State Board of Regents has changed the name of the University of the City of New York to New York University.

The Teachers' College has received a gift of \$250,000, and the Trustees will now be enabled to carry out their long-cherished plans for completing the structure by the addition of a wing on the west side of the main college building. It is said that a condition of the gift was that the name of the donor should not be made known, at least for some time. Plans for the new wing have already been considered and partially adopted.

The thirty-fourth University convocation will be held in the Senate chamber at Albany on June 24-26. Chancellor Anson Judd Upson will make the opening address, as usual, and Superintendent Leigh Hunt will preside.

"Motion Songs for Public Schools," by Mabel L. Pray, photographically illustrated, will be issued immediately by D. C. Heath & Co.

Bishop Potter has been invited by the authorities of Cambridge University, England, to be one of the Select Preachers to the University during the month of May, 1897. The office of Select Preacher was instituted by the University of Oxford in 1804, and has since been adopted by the Universities of Cambridge and Dublin. Bishop Potter has the degree of doctor of laws from Cambridge, and is one of the three American bishops to receive the degree of doctor of divinity from Oxford.

Calvin Thomas, the new Professor of Germanic Languages and Literatures at Columbia, graduated from the University of Michigan with the degree of A. B. in the year 1873, at the age of twenty. For four years after his graduation he taught Greek at the high school in Grand Rapids, Mich., spending the year 1877 in study at Leipzig, Germany. In 1878 he was appointed instructor in modern languages at the University of Michigan, being promoted two years later to the Assistant Professorship of German and Sanskrit. He was appointed Professor of German Language and Literature at the University in 1887, and for the last four years has conducted, besides his regular work, courses in modern Danish and Swedish. He has published four or five editions of German classics, among them being the first part of Goethe's "Faust" and the same poet's "Tasso." Prof. Thomas is at present in Weimar, Germany, engaged on an edition of the second part of "Faust." During his absence he has been elected President of the Modern Language Association.

A course of three lectures on "The Latest Results of the Higher Biblical Criticism" will be given by Prof. Crawford Howell Toy of Harvard, on the evenings of April 8, 15 and 20, at the Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church, in One Hundred and Twenty-first Street. The lectures will deal with Israelitish history, Israelitish literature, and the New Testament.

The University of Chicago has formally declined to keep the agreement for the inter-university debate, which was to have been held in this city on April 17, because "the magnitude of the question and the difficulties in the way of obtaining the desired and necessary material were not fully comprehended until the subject had been more fully considered after the acceptance of the question." The subject selected was:—"Resolved, That in the election of the members of legislative assemblies, chosen by popular vote, provision should be made for the minority."

Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter is compiling, with Mr. John L. Myres of Christ Church, Oxford, a descriptive and illustrated catalogue of the Cyprus Museum, which will appear at Oxford in a few months.

Miss Georgiana Lee Morrell, formerly a teacher in the Girls' High School of Brooklyn, and a graduate of Vassar College, is the first American woman on whom the University of Heidelberg has conferred the degree of doctor of philosophy. The title was given to her in recognition of her work in translating from Middle English into German and editing a poem from the Auchinleck manuscript in Edinburgh. She was, by the way, the first woman to be admitted to the lectures in English at the Berlin University.

The Trustees of Reynolds Library, Rochester, N. Y., have decided to keep it open on Sunday afternoons from two to six. As a consequence, one of the Trustees, Prof. Howard Osgood of the Baptist Theological Seminary, has resigned from the board.

It is proposed to celebrate the centennial of the birth of Horace Mann, the educational reformer, on May 4. A meeting to discuss the plan was arranged for April 2, at New York University. Among those interested are Dr. Lyman Abbott, Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler, Caroline B. Le Row, St. Clair McKelway, Joseph H. Choate, Kate Douglas Wiggin and Amos E. Kellogg.

The Russian Government has assigned an annual grant of about \$48,000 to the Medical School for Women in St. Petersburg. The city undertakes to provide \$11,500, and private munificence has raised an endowment fund of nearly \$200,000.

Messrs. P. Blakiston, Son & Co. of Philadelphia have just published a "Treatise on Hygiene," edited by J. Lane Nottter, M.A., M.D. (Dub.), and R. H. Firth, F.R.C.S. The volume is based upon the well-known work of the late Dr. E. A. Parkes, and aims to take the place which "Parkes' Hygiene" has so long occupied as the standard text-book for both English and American students.

Ginn & Co. will publish during the spring "A Guide to the Study of American History," by Edward Channing and Albert Bushnell Hart, Assistant Professors of History at Harvard. The book will be rich in bibliographies.



## Notes

BRADFORD TORREY's new book, "Spring Notes from Tennessee," will be issued about the middle of April by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It presents the results of his observations in a very picturesque historic region. The same firm will issue, also, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's new animal book, "Four-handed Folk," which is devoted to various pets—the kinkajou, lemur, marmoset, "living balls," the ocelot and several kinds of monkeys. "The Chase of the Meteor," a very interesting book for boys written by Mr. Bynner, will hereafter be published by this house, which will shortly bring out a new edition.

—The untimely death of Prof. Tuttle of Cornell prevented his completing "The History of Prussia," which was his *magnum opus*. He left nearly finished the fourth volume, covering the first part of the Seven Years' War, complete as far as it goes, and this fragment will soon be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who announce, further, "Pirate Gold," a new novel by F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale), which is a Boston story of the middle of the century.

—Dr. Donald, successor to the rectorship of Trinity Church, Boston, which Phillips Brooks resigned when elected Bishop, has written a book on "The Expansion of Religion." It aims to show that religion is larger than ecclesiasticism, and is connected more or less closely with all the social and industrial movements of our time which tend to promote a larger life. It will be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—Under the title of "An Ambassador of the Vanquished," Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just published a translation, by Albert D. Vandam, of the Duc de Broglie's work on M. de Gontaut-Biron's mission to Berlin.

—The following letter from Mr. Gladstone has been received by Mr. Hermann Oelsner, B.A., in reference to his essay, "The Influence of Dante on Modern Thought," which gained the Cambridge Le Bas Prize in 1894, and was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin last year:—"I have now to thank you for your essay on the influence of Dante with the advantage of knowing its contents. I am agreeably surprised at the amount of information you have brought together, and it has yielded me much pleasure, with, I hope, much profit. The antipathy of Goethe seems to me a point worth probing in detail. So also the curious passage, 'lo non gli spersi,' which I have, too hastily it may be, been accustomed to regard as associated with a defect in Dante. It seems to me most remarkable that the study of Dante should decidedly have gained ground in England during a period in which Italian studies generally have so miserably fallen off."

—Mr. James Clegg, the Aldine Press, Rochdale, England, has just published "Bookmen: Members of Learned, Antiquarian and Literary Societies in the United Kingdom," containing 9458 names of buyers and lovers of books, members of antiquarian, bibliographical, dialect, folk-lore and other societies, etc.

—A number of New York publishers have arranged to keep a committee at Washington to work against the passage of the Loud bill, which would affect the rates of postage on second-class matter.

—The Librarian of Congress has been asked to report to the House Committee on Patents the amendments to the present copyright law which he considers desirable. The Committee will probably draw a substitute bill, which will be submitted to all the copyright leagues and other organizations having an interest in the matter. An effort has been made by a number of American dramatists to have the Committee accept Senator Hill's proposal to make the piracy of plays a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment as well as by fine. The imposition of a fine, it has been conclusively proved, has no terrors for the people who steal successful plays.

—Mr. Charles Lowe Damrell, the senior member of the firm of Damrell & Upham, the proprietors of the well-known Old Corner Bookstore in Boston, died in that city on March 29. He was born in Portsmouth, N. H., 16 Nov. 1826, and had been connected with the book-trade since 1849.

—Attention has been drawn recently to the present condition of the old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow, which has suffered much at the hands of ignorant and indifferent vandals, who have changed its outside and inside appearance without reverence for its historical and literary associations. The church could easily be restored to its condition of 200 years ago. The building belongs to the First Dutch Reformed Church, which will, we doubt not, take the matter in hand at once.

—The late Bill Nye's writings have for several years been published by Mr. F. Tennyson Neely of Chicago. New editions are now in press, each containing a biographical sketch of the author.

—Edward King, the journalist and author, who died in Brooklyn on March 29, was born in Middlefield, Mass., in 1848. He was for many years the Paris correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, which he represented, also, at the late Russo-Turkish war, and wrote much for other papers and periodicals. The list of his works includes "My Paris: French Character Sketches," "Kentucky's Love," "The Great South," "French Political Leaders," "Echoes from the Orient," "The Gentle Savage: A Novel," "Europe in Storm and Calm," "The Golden Spike" and a volume of verse, "A Venetian Lover."

—J. L. M. Curry's "Constitutional Government in Spain," published by the Messrs. Harper, will be found an excellent work to study at the present day, when Spain and its affairs are so nearly connected with ours.

—The silver loving-cup offered by the dramatic profession to Joseph Jefferson was presented to him on March 28, in his apartments at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, by the Presentation Committee, consisting of Messrs. Daniel Frohman, William H. Crane, John Drew and Frank W. Sanger, and Mrs. Edward E. Kidder. The official presentation of the cup was made on Nov. 8 at the Garden Theatre, but it was not ready then. The cup, which was designed by W. Clark Noble, stands twenty-one inches high. Its sides are elaborately decorated, and on the handles are three figures, representing Mr. Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, Dr. Pangloss and Bob Acres. The top ornamentation consists of the masks of Comedy, Tragedy and Art. Between the handles are panels representing a scene from "Rip Van Winkle" and Jefferson and Florence in the dueling scene of "The Rivals." On the third panel are these inscriptions and quotations:—"Here's to your good health and your family's, and may they live long and prosper!" "To the dean of the dramatic profession, with the loving greeting of his brother and sister players, November 8, 1895"; and "He touched nothing that he did not adorn."

—Dr. Ottolengui, the author of "The Crime of the Century," has been confounded repeatedly with Dr. Ottolenghi, who assisted Prof. Lombroso in his work, especially as the novel deals with penology. Dr. Ottolengui is an American by birth.

—Sophocles's "Andromache" was played in Arabic at Chickering Hall, on March 14, under the auspices of the Syrian Young Men's Association of New York. The players were members of the leading Syrian colonies in this country. They propose to produce "Hamlet" in English, with the Syrian actor Ameen Rihani in the title rôle.

—Miss Ragna Boyesen, sister of the late Prof. Boyesen, will give a lecture on Norway in the evening of April 8, at the home of Mrs. Theodore Connolly, 30 East 35th Street. The lecture will be illustrated, and there will be Norwegian songs.

—Sir E. Maunde Thompson has given some figures to show the extent of the Library of Printed Books at the British Museum, and the rate of increase at which it has grown. More than half a century after the foundation of the Museum, the Library had not increased even threefold; in the year 1821 there were less than 116,000 volumes. But twenty years later these had more than doubled in number; in 1838 there were computed to be 235,000 volumes; in 1858 there were 550,000 volumes. Having once obtained an impetus, the mass rapidly increased, and at this moment the number of volumes amounts to 1,750,000, not counting single sheets or parts of works that are accumulating. "The space which this mass of printed material occupies has to be reckoned in miles," says *The Westminster Gazette*. "The shelves of the reading-room and iron galleries constructed around it, which are known as the New Library, all told, extend to more than eight-and-twenty miles; those in the rest of the department to eleven miles. It may be noticed that this total of thirty-nine miles is nearly the same as that of the shelving of the French National Library. The prospect of increase of this mileage may be viewed with comparative equanimity in connection with the storage of the ordinary octavos of literature; but when one contemplates the rapid growth of newspapers, the limits of the available space within the present buildings are almost within sight."

—The first matinée at the Théâtre Blanc, Mme. Samary's new Parisian venture, has proved an immense success. This theatre is intended for young girls, the entire stage of Paris having of late been given exclusively to presentations of all kinds of the same forbidden subject.

## Free Parliament

*Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, always give its number.*

## QUESTIONS

1907.—1. Where can one learn something of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and her position in English social and political life? 2. Is her life of the Sheridans in print? 3. Is there not some character in fiction which is said to represent her?

PORT HURON, Mich.

E. M. F.

1908.—Will you kindly tell me where I may obtain a book on the nomenclature of poetry? That is to say, how one in reading poetry may know whether it is a sonnet, rondeau, a rondel, etc. Of course I know a sonnet, rondeau and rondel by sight, but there are others.


ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ROCHESTER READER.

["The Rhymester," by Tom Hood, edited by Arthur Penn, published about twelve years ago by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., will furnish the desired information. Eds. CRITIC.]

## Publications Received

Annual Literary Index, 1895. Ed. by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker.  
Abbott, Lyman. Love and Death. 10c.  
Anderson, M. B. Some Representative Poets of the Nineteenth Century. 80c.  
Annual Report of the State Board of Charities for the Year 1895.  
Aristophanes's Plutus. Ed. by F. W. Nicolson. Ginn & Co.  
Baring-Gould, S. The Broom-Squire. \$1.25. F. A. Stokes Co.  
Balzac, H. de La Grande Bretèche. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.  
Bennett, J. W. A Bread of Barren Metal. 75c. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.  
Bercy, Paul. Key to Short Selections for Translating English into French.  
Brainerd, T. H. Robert Atterbury. W. R. Jenkins.  
Brother and Sister: A Memoir; and the Letters of Ernest and Henriette Renan. Tr. by Mary Loyd. \$2.25. Cassell Pub. Co.  
Broyle, Duke de. An Ambassador of the Vanquished. Tr. by A. D. Vandam. \$3. Macmillan & Co.  
Castlemo, H. The Houseboat Boys. \$1.25. Henry T. Coates & Co.  
Cassell's Complete Pocket Guide to Europe, 1896. Revised and edited by E. C. Siedman. Cassell Pub. Co.  
Colson, E. M. The Story of a Dream. \$1.25. Charles H. Kerr & Co.  
Correll, Marie. The Mighty Atom. \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.  
Curtis, W. E. Venezuela. \$1.25. Harper & Bros.  
Davis, M. C. The Refiner's Fire. James Pott & Co.  
Dawson, J. W. Eden Lost and Won. \$1.25. Fleming H. Revell Co.  
Dictionary of National Biography. Ed. by Sidney Lee. \$3.75. Macmillan & Co.  
Emerson, R. W. Two Unpublished Essays. \$1. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.  
Flint, Sam. On the Road to the Lake. \$1. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.  
Garbe, Richard. The Redemption of the Brahman. Open Court Pub. Co.  
Good Reading About Many Books, Mostly by Their Authors. Second Year. London: T. Fisher Unwin



**YALE MIXTURE**  
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